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No. 92.

MEMORIES OF ME.

BY ST. ELMO.

When crimson paints the Eastern sky,
And the red sun with glances bright
Looks down from her fair throne on high,
Dispelling the dim shades of Night:
And the fair earth awakes once more
To revel 'neath the azure sea,
With dream of days that's gone before,
And sometimes think of me?

Or, when the evening shades draw near,
And shadows creep across the plain:
When fireflies with their lights appear,
Dancing across the perfumed main:
When zephyrs with their soothing kiss
Float out across the waveless sea,
Leaving behind their trail of bliss,
Will sometimes think of me?

Or, when the golden stars send down
A line of silver to the wave,
Smiling upon the crowded town,
Where rests the noble, pure and brave:
Where perfume fills the mellow air,
And dewdrops sparkle on the sea,
And all the world is hushed with care,
Will sometimes think of me?

The Red Rajah:

OR,
THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES.

A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "MUSTANG HUNTERS," "KNIGHT
OF THE RUBIES," "THE CRIZZLY HUN-
TERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN EATERS.

THE hot sun shone out in the midst of a
cloudless sky. The rocks glowed and
scorched in the fierce heat, as they cropped
up here and there from the white sand on
the beach.

The sea outside was as smooth as a mir-
ror. Only the ever restless, heaving "ground
swell" passed silently and mysteriously
along at intervals, and dashed into glittering
foam on the sunken coral reef that encircled
the island.

The sharks stole silently about just out-
side the breakers. You could see the sharp
back fins darting to and fro among some
floating fragments.

Seeing the tranquil appearance of every
thing around that lovely island, you would
never have thought of storm and tempest.
And yet, only the day before, a frightful
typhoon had swept over it with devouring
rage. Those fragments only yesterday
were part and parcel of a noble frigate.
She was dashed to atoms upon the hidden
edge of that terrible reef, only marked now
by that white ripple.

But where are her crew?
Ask those ghastly monsters, skimming sil-
ently to and fro, cutting the golden sun-
shine as it kisses the water.

But, surely, some escaped out of four
hundred brave sailors, instinct with life and
strength?

If so, they left the shore, and we must
follow them.

The mainland, away from the white
beach, was a perfect wilderness of beauty.
Feathery cocoa-palms waved their plumed
heads in the gentle breeze, that now and
then stirred for an instant. Clumps of lux-
uriant bananas displayed their dark leaves
all around, loaded with yellow pods. The
bread fruit stood in little groves. Prickly
beds of pineapples covered the glades.
Gorgeous birds of paradise flitted from
branch to branch, with parrots all flaming
with green and scarlet, and blue and gold
macaws.

The murmur of a little stream, tinkling
over the pebbles, told of fresh water, all
that was needed to complete the paradise.
There, in the midst of a grassy glade,
spangled with bright flowers, was gathered
a group of white people.

It was the little remnant of the crew of
the ill-fated frigate, only five in number, all
told. They were seated on the ground, in
earnest conversation, consulting on means
of escape from the island, and never dream-
ing of the presence of their treacherous foes.

There were three men in the party. The
gold-headed cap of that bronzed, middle-aged
man, of powerful frame, announced him as
one of the officers of the vessel. But his
attire consisted only of the shirt and trou-
sers in which he had swum to the shore,
and the rest of the party were similarly
dressed.

A venerable old man with white hair sat
next to him. Half clad, and wretched as
was his condition, there was a certain air
about him that spoke of high life.

Next to him was a young man of near
thirty, handsome and well-built, who might
have been any thing, from an artist to a
sailor. Frank and open in face, with a
brow of uncommon breadth and light, his
clear hazel eyes, and brown hair and beard,
made his pleasant face to look at.

Claude Peyton, the young Virginian, was
an amateur artist, musician and poet; a
yachtsman of that daring kind which
America alone produces; who had traveled
all over the world for fun, and sold his little
Baltimore-built schooner at Melbourne for
twice what she cost him. How he had
drifted to the Marquesas Islands, and how
he came to be aboard the frigate "Philo-
mela," (carrying out a new Governor to the
French colony of Pondicherry in India),
time will show.

He was in a hard case now, at all events.
Cast ashore by a tremendous wave the night
before, he had been dashed against a rock,
with so much force as to break two ribs,
and render him incapable of walking on his
bruised limbs without help.

But his eye was as bright and cheerful,
his laugh as gay as ever, although he had



As the white bust of the young man became exposed to view, the chief suddenly started back, with a loud exclamation of wonder.

to lie on his back on the grass; and Peyton
was the soul of the little party still.

The other two members of the group
were women. One was an old French ne-
gress, the nurse and protectress of that
young girl of slender, delicate frame, whose
long black hair the old woman was care-
fully plaiting.

The girl was quite a child, not more than
fourteen at the utmost. Her face was very
pale, the features small, and delicate in out-
line, and lighted up by the most magnificent
eyes ever seen. They were like two dark
lakes at midnight, in whose clear depths the
stars lie sleeping.

The old gentleman was the Marquis de
Favannes, late Governor of the Marquesas
group, under French rule, who had been
promoted to the Governorship of Pondi-
cherry. On his passage thither he had been
wrecked, as we see. The child was his only
daughter, Marguerite, who went with him,
under old Marie's guardianship.

"Ah! captain!" the old marquis was
saying, "if it were only the question of
living here, we need have no fear. There
are fish, flesh and fowl enough for the
catching. But how shall we get away?"

Captain Bonhomme shook his head,
gloomily.
"God knows," he said. "If we get a
chance—"

He had no time to utter more.

An awful cry, a yell, as if hell were let
loose, suddenly broke from the thickets all
round them. Captain Bonhomme leaped to
his feet, with a shout of terror, catching up
a musket that lay beside him.

And the weapon was empty.

A throng of bronzed figures, brandishing
spears and clubs, came leaping on the glade
from every side; their white pointed teeth
glistening from their dark faces, and utter-
ing appalling yells.

The women shrunk and covered down
into the earth before the terrible onslaught,
but the old marquis sprang up, as active as
a boy, and flashed out a ship's cutlass that
lay beside him.

That and the empty musket were the only
weapons saved from the wreck.

"Drop your arms! Don't resist!" cried
poor Claude Peyton, as he lay on the grass,
unable to move.

But the caution came too late.

A hundred ferocious savages attacked the
two Frenchmen, as they rose to defend
themselves. The burly captain, a man
framed like a Hercules, kept them at bay for
some minutes, fighting like a tiger against
overwhelming odds. The heavy musket-
butt swept the air in circles all round, and
dashed man after man to the ground. But,
while the captain was engaged in front, a
tall savage ran at him from behind, with a
lance of ironwood, whose long, sharp blade
was notched and barbed with sharks' teeth.

Pierced through and through, the un-
happy sailor fell writhing to the earth, and
a dozen clubs descended on his head where
he lay, smashing it out of all semblance of
humanity.

The poor old marquis, fighting gallantly,
was beaten down, dead, at the very begin-
ning of the affray; and a yell of triumph
proclaimed the victory of the savages.

Claude Peyton lay still on the grass by
the females. He expected every minute to
be murdered. But the savages appeared to
be satisfied with slaughter for the present.
A ring was formed around the dead bodies
and the living prisoners.

Claude half raised himself on his elbow,
and watched, with bewildered curiosity, the
motions of the naked demons. They com-
menced a sort of slow dance at once, moving
in time with measured steps. Their fierce
eyes were bent, with a wolfish glare, on the
dead bodies.

Peyton looked round for little Marguerite.
He saw with thankfulness that the poor
child had fainted. She was spared for the
present, the horrible sight that met his own
view and that of old Marie.

The poor old woman, paled with ter-
ror, crouched over the form of the prostrate
child, gazing stonily on the hideous orgies
going on around them.

Now the chant changed its character.
It became faster and wilder. A single sa-
vage, evidently a chief, moved out from the
circle, and commenced a song of vituper-

ation, apostrophizing the dead bodies. He
seemed to be reproaching them for their re-
sistance, and heaping contempt on them.

At last, after a long harangue, he uttered
a sudden yell, at which signal all present
united in a chorus of howls, and the circle
broke up.

At the sound of that yell, the child, just
waking up, relapsed into insensibility. The
old nurse cowered down over her charge,
and Claude shuddered.

In a moment more the savages pounced
down upon the survivors of the little group,
and forced them to their feet.

Claude was dragged to a palm-tree, by the
edge of the glade, and secured to it in a
twinkling, with bark ropes. The old
woman and the girl were bound hand and
foot, and thrown down close to him.

Four villainous-looking fellows were left
to guard them, and the rest of the savages
dispersed. The dead bodies of the two
white men, and three savages slain by the
captain, lay in the middle of the little glade,
by the banks of the brook.

"What are they going to do?" thought
Claude, as he stood fastened to the tree.
He had not long to wait before he under-
stood.

The whole band soon came trooping
back, each man with a large fagot of dry
sticks, which they cast on the ground in a
heap.

Then the horrible truth burst on him in a
flash.

The savages were cannibals!

There was no mistaking their intentions.
In a very few minutes a large fire was
crackling and blazing in the middle of the
glade. The houses, hollowing sounds of
cooking shells, blown by numbers of people
in the vicinity, announced the approach of
more savages to join the feast. Soon they
came in, from all quarters, men, women and
little, toddling children, all dancing, and
yelling, and clapping their hands for glee.

Just as neatly as professed butchers, the
cannibals proceeded to cut up the bodies,
not only of the white men, but also of their
own slain comrades. The whole crowd
hung around the fires, increasing every mo-

ment. It became evident that there would
not be enough to satisfy them all.

Like hungry wolves, they seized the pieces
of flesh, singed them hastily in the flames,
and tore them to pieces with ferocious avid-
ity. Inside of twenty minutes not a vestige
remained of the bodies, and still the demo-
niac wretches appeared to be unsatisfied.

A sickening sensation of loathing and re-
pugnance overcame poor Peyton, as he look-
ed on, and felt that his turn would come
the next.

The man-eaters began to cast glances to-
ward him and his companions, and then, for
the first time, the young man noticed that
little Marguerite had regained her con-
sciousness.

The poor child lay there, the cruel bonds
cutting into her delicate flesh, her great eyes
dilated with mute terror, and fixed upon
the grim forms, dancing with devilish glee.

"Oh! my God!" groaned poor Claude,
utterly overcome, "must that pure, delicate
little being suffer such a horrid fate?"

The girl heard his ejaculation, and un-
derstood it, though he spoke English. Mar-
guerite de Favannes was a great admirer of
the handsome young stranger, who was so
kind to her all the voyage. Child-like, she
thought he could do any thing.

"Oh! Monsieur Claude," she murmured,
"where are we? Where is papa? What
are those fearful men doing? Don't let
them hurt Marguerite."

Claude broke down with a great sob.

"God help us all!" he said. "I am as
helpless as you, little one. I fear we are
doomed!"

Even as he spoke, a great clamor arose
among the savages, who seemed to be dis-
puting some point with much anger. From
the frequent pointing toward the prisoners,
Peyton concluded that they were agitating
the question of their death. He did not
dare to tell Marguerite. The poor child
was blessed in her unconsciousness.

There is something so repulsive to the
nature of man in the idea of cannibalism,
that the poor fellow's soul seemed to sink
within him, when, at last, a deputation of
hideous, tattooed demons approached, and

as their lot's tamed. I don't go with them—I daren't. No. There are people from Louisiana—settlers—coming in every day. I'd be sure of meeting some old face—some sharp eye to recognize me; and then—those accursed Regulators! What am I to do? Stay here all my life—an outcast upon the prairies? To think I am forever separated from her—she for whom—” He stopped abruptly, and looked apprehensively round, as if he feared some one might hear him. After a short silence, however, he burst out with an expression of intense longing: “Oh! could I only have her in my arms for a single hour, I would risk all—even the rope.”

“Can I not go back to Louisiana, and live there in disguise? Why not? My beard would do something toward it. But no. It needs money to keep out of every one's sight—and money I haven't got. Never will I have it, by such a paltry trade as this—catching horses, at ten dollars a head.”

“Stay; there's a better scheme. Fanning has told me of it. He intends joining the Comanches, for a raid over the Rio Grande that gets plunder, and might yield riches. It is said that some of these Mexican *hacendados* have large sums of specie in their houses—gold and silver plate. I've more than half a mind to join Fanning and his freebooting band. It only needs to change the color of my skin—not much, at that.”

“By heavens! I'll do it. Once in possession of money, I can go anywhere, and do any thing. That is the true giver of disguises, and the means to act under them. This fellow—Thornley—has some cash. He'll buy my share of the captured mustangs; and then let them take them to a market. I'll stay with Fanning, and with him go over the Rio Grande.”

These were the thoughts of Louis Lebar—or the man who so called himself—as he sat by the wild horse-coral, awaiting the return of his fellow mustangers.

Not long after, though much later than he expected, they made their appearance.

“You did well to come at last,” he said, gruffly. “What, in the name of thunder, detained you?”

“Oh! if you'd been with us, you'd have seen something would have detained you, too,” replied Thornley, good-naturedly. “A pair of pretty girls is a sight one don't see every day, out here by the Cross Timbers.”

“There are some pretty girls in the Seminole tribe. You haven't come across them, have you?”

Lebar said this with a sneer: as much as, that he himself was the favored party in that quarter.

“I'm not speaking of squaws, Master Louis,” retorted the mustanger; “but girls with a white skin, young ladies—angels, Carroll here, would call them. Wouldn't you, Wash?”

“Durned if I wouldn't; an' durned if I don't. If they ain't angels—both on 'em—this chile never set eyes on an angel.”

“Ed Thornley, you and Wash Carroll have made up your minds to have a joke on me. I'm not in much humor for it, till I've had something to eat. After that, I may be better pleased to listen to your chaffing.”

“Eat, then,” said Wash, handing the Louisiana wallet containing some corn-cake and cold roast turkey. “But that ain't no chaffin' 'bout it. It air a true story—jest us Ed says it.”

“On honor, it's true, Lebar. We have seen what we say.”

“When, pray?” demanded the hungry hunter, commencing an attack upon the provisions; which seemed to put him in a better humor. “I'm ready to hear your explanation.”

Thornley gave it, by detailing the encounter on the prairie with the party of newly-arrived settlers.

“Where are they from?” asked the Louisiana, after listening to the first few particulars.

“Well,” said Thornley, “although they're all one family, they are from two different States. Some of them are from Tennessee—and some from Louisiana. By the way, Lebar, as you are a Louisianian, you may know something about them?”

Lebar did not need this question to excite his curiosity. It was already excited, by hearing the word “Louisiana.” For him that name had a terrible significance.

“Louisiana is a large State,” he said, preserving an air of indifference; “and there are thousands of people in it I know nothing about. If you can tell me the name of these people, who have seen fit to leave it, perhaps I could then say whether they have ever been among my acquaintances. You heard their name, I suppose?”

“Well, that we didn't—at least I didn't—not the party from Louisiana. The gentleman at the head of the party gave us his name; but he is a Tennesseean, and an old friend of Wash here, who can tell you all about him.”

Lebar looked, inquiringly, toward Carroll. “Oh, yes,” drawled out Wash Carroll; “this chile air not only acquaint' w' his name, but a good deal o' his history; an' can satisfy that both air a honor to Tennessee. I fit alongside o' him, an' alongside o' ole Hickory, in the Creek an' Cherokee war; an' in them that skirmishes that we'n neery one thet stud better up to the scratch than Lieutenant Bill Magoffin—now Colonel Magoffin, o' the Tennessee militia.”

It was fortunate for Louis Lebar that the sun had by this time set, and the shades of night were around them. It hindered his two companions from observing the deadly pallor that overspread his face when the name of “Magoffin” fell upon his ear. And yet, Wash Carroll noted a trembling in his voice, and the assumption of indifference in its tone, when he asked, more mechanically than otherwise:

“Colonel Magoffin, is it?”

“Yes, siree,” replied Wash; “that is the person.”

The conversation dropped. The three men, wearied with their long horse-chase, and the working it had entailed, by common consent wrapped themselves up in their blankets, and lay down under the shadow of the trees, to seek sleep.

To all appearance, they were not long in finding it—despite the neighing of the captured steeds, and the barking of the prairie wolves, who prowled around the coral.

CHAPTER VII.

A STEALTHY RECONNOISSANCE.

Of the three mustangers two of them were asleep, almost on the instant of lying down. They were Carroll and Thornley. Sleep came suddenly, after the long spell of wakefulness, rendered necessary during the drive of the mustang herd.

Just then there was no repose for Louis

Lebar. He had taken a nap, during the absence of the others, which had, to some extent, refreshed him. It was not this that kept him awake, but a wild tumult in his soul, caused by what his companions had communicated to him. He had not questioned them very minutely about the personal of the emigrant party. He was afraid of doing so lest he might arouse some suspicions.

Although night had come on during the conversation, and they could not note the changed expression of his face, his voice had trembled and he knew it. It had done so from the moment of his hearing the name “Magoffin.”

He had laid himself down at some distance from the other two. He did not seek his recumbent attitude for long—only long enough to assure himself that both were buried in sleep, which he could tell had taken place by their snoring.

Then he rose silently erect, permitted the blanket to slip down at his feet, and, stepping forth from its folds, strode off, crouching, through the trees.

On getting to the outer edge of the grove he stopped for a second or two to reflect—or rather to guide himself as to the direction he should take.

It was the camp of the colonists he intended visiting. He knew the locality in which it had been pitched. In a few words Carroll had described the place. It was not over two miles off; and there was, therefore, no need for him to take his mule. He could walk with ease the distance—foot—moreover, the animal might betray him, for the visit was to be one of stealth.

In a short while he had taken the bearings of the ground, and into the starlight he started across the prairie.

“Magoffin!” he muttered to himself, as he strode on. “They had an uncle of that name, somewhere in Tennessee. It must be they! An uncle from Tennessee, a young lady, his niece, from Louisiana, and the other girl her cousin. I've heard she had such a cousin. The coincidence would be too strange. It must be they. It can not be otherwise.”

“Is it the hand of God—or the devil? If it be Louisiana Dupre, one or the other is on my side. If it be she, one or the other has delivered her to me at last. By heavens, it seems too strange for belief!”

He strode on till a light sparkled before his eyes. He knew it was the camp-fire of the emigrants, kindled among the trees. There was a “spinet” of timber along the bank of the stream, and entering under this, he proceeded on in silence.

He soon came in sight of the encampment. He saw the white canvas-tiles of the wagons, showing gray under the starlight, with the animals standing around them. The fire was a little apart, and blazing brightly. Its flame fell upon a circle of faces.

Men and women—all whites. Another fire was near, encircled by black faces and burly forms. They were the negro slaves. It was still early, and they were occupied in the cooking of their supper, the planter and his family having finished theirs.

Lebar dropped upon his hands and knees, and crawled nearer. The trunks of the trees and the shadow of their foliage overhead gave him security from being seen. It was only necessary for him to avoid making noise; and this precaution he successfully observed. Gliding silently on, he at length drew near the fire, sufficiently near to enable him to distinguish the faces.

Among the rest, he saw one that sent the blood in wild current through his veins—that of the woman he had long loved, and to whom he had hopelessly succumbed.

Lebar covered behind the tree-trunk, looking upon that pale, beautiful face. It seemed almost a fate—one of those dark destinies that must be fulfilled—and as the spy stole away through the trees, and back to the sleeping-place of the mustangers, his whole thoughts were altogether occupied in contriving the means by which it could be shaped to his own end.

That night nothing could be done; and he lay down again on the spot from which he had risen—neither of his companions having suspected his absence.

Even his wicked spirit could no longer resist weariness, and he soon fell asleep, despite the shrill, wild neighing of the mustangs—wilder at finding themselves restrained from the free range of their prairie pastures.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VILE BARGAIN.

“WHAT brings the Black Mustanger to the Seminole camp at this late hour of the night?”

“He comes to do the Seminole chief a service.”

“He is welcome at all times—more so, when he brings with him a favor. What is it?”

“Tiger Tail wants a squaw?”

“He has many.”

“Not any that are white.”

“No; they are all of his own race and color.”

“Tiger Tail has told me of his desire to possess a white wife.”

“He will give an hundred horses for such an one—that is, if she be young and beautiful.”

“He may have one that is both, and without giving a single horse for her.”

“The Black Mustanger's words are pleasant to the ear. When and where can this treasure be obtained?”

“Almost at any time—and not far off.”

“But there are conditions. There is danger to be encountered?”

“There are conditions, but not much danger.”

“Will the mustanger explain himself?”

“He will.”

The chief, who was already smoking, took the pipe from his mouth, handed it to his visitor, and then, filling another for himself, assumed an attitude to listen.

The mustanger continued: “This day there has arrived out here a party of whites, bringing with them about an equal number of negroes. They are emigrants from the States, who intend making a settlement not far from this place. I have not seen them myself, but my comrades have, and told me of the spot where they've made their camp, and intend building a house. What's more, from the description, I know who they are. Now, chief, you have promised me your friendship—you have sworn it.”

“Tiger Tail will keep his oath,” grunted the Indian, taking the calumet from his mouth, and making a cabalistic sign with his left feathered arm.

“I know it,” continued the mustanger;

“and will trust to you—for you, also, will have a reward in that which must be done. What I want is this: that you, with your band, attack this party of emigrants; kill every white man of them—about the blacks it don't matter—and carry off the two white women as captives.”

“There are two?”

“Yes; both young girls—both beautiful; one of them to be the wife of the Seminole chief.”

“And the other?”

“My wife—or what you may please to call it. 'Tis for that I seek your aid.”

“The Black Mustang has seen this pale-faced girl before?”

“I have: seen her, and loved her. She has been the curse of my life. For her sake I have committed crime; I love her still, and will commit other crimes to possess her. You, chief, will assist me?”

“She must be very beautiful.”

“She is.”

“The more beautiful of the two?”

“Not in your eyes, chief. I know that you have told me you wanted a white squaw—one with the red on her cheek, and the golden sunlight in her hair. She has not that; but her cousin has—for the two are cousins. I shall have no fear of being jealous, for I know which of the two will attract Tiger Tail.”

“The Black Mustang speaks fair. If it be as he says, there need be no jealousy between us. It shall be as he wishes it. What action will he counsel?”

“Go with your band to the encampment of the whites. There see for yourself, and make your plans as they appear best. First speak to them fairly; there is no need for haste, as they've come here to form a settlement. I must not be with you—nor must either of my comrades suspect any thing of our design. They know nothing of my past life, or that I ever met these people before. If they knew that—and something besides—I should be shy about going back to them. We have just trapped a drove of wild horses, and to-morrow intend taming them. At that, I shall go on with them all the same, and when it's over, return to this place, and hear what the Seminole chief thinks of this scheme which I have proposed to him. Tiger Tail will then tell me what he thinks of her with the roses on her cheek, and the sunlight in her hair. When he has once seen her, I know he will want her, as much as I do the paler lily by her side. Chief! are you agreed?”

Another grunting exclamation—with another cabalistic movement of the plumed pipe-stem—told how consonant was the infamous proposal to the feelings of the savages.

His visitor did not spend much more time in the tent; only a few minutes, given to further explanations. Then, remounting his mule, he rode back to the coral, where his companions were still sleeping.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 9.)

Adria, the Adopted:
The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF “BRANDY,” “SEA HARVEST,” “NYPHILIA'S BRAZENRY,” “ETC., ETC.”

CHAPTER XIX.

EX-DETECTIVE KERR sat by the quaint old side-table in the arched chamber. At his own request, this room had been deputed to his use.

He had already made a close, and as he believed, thorough examination of every article of furniture the room had originally contained, without much hope, indeed, that former searches and the lapses of time had escaped any important discovery. Still, he was slightly disappointed when, his scrutiny ended, he found himself wiser only in regard to the substantial make and superior quality of the articles.

The contents of the wardrobe were duly overhauled, but the few rich robes and dainty laces revealed no peculiarity which might lead to the identification of the one who had worn them. The two handkerchiefs presented a clue more tangible, which the ex-detective awaited only a plausible pretext to follow.

Just now he was engaged upon a matter which drove from his thoughts all remembrance of the Ellesford mystery.

Several slips of printed paper were spread out before him, and a few written sheets, all relating to the same subject, of which the condensed contents of one slip will give an inkling:

“MURDER AND ROBBERY—KILLED IN DEFENDING HIS OWN PROPERTY, ETC.—The double outrage, unmistakably committed by the well-known and daring foreign burglar, Pedro Cardini, alias Rake Snelling, alias Dick Brown. Description: Medium height, thin and wiry, eyes, hair and complexion dark, face badly scarred; teeth even and white; forehead low and beetling; etc., etc.”

Ex-detective Kerr was conning these different papers carefully over and comparing their minutest details. This done to his apparent satisfaction, he refolded them in a secure packet and placed them in an inner pocket.

“I have no fear of mistaking my man,” he said to himself, very softly. “I think I should know him in the dark.”

He spoke softly, because he had proved, during his experience, that walls sometimes have ears, but he brought his hand down upon the table beside him, by way of emphasis. Possibly the action was made with reference to effect; at all events, it struck the table's edge, glancing ungracefully and with tingling sensation over the sharp carving below. He was naturally a hasty man, but now he repressed the imprecation which rose to his lips, and, bending forward, closely scanned that portion of the pendant side. He had felt something give beneath his touch.

His fingers successively sought every protrusion in the grotesque work, and his diligence was richly rewarded. The cormorant's eye yielded beneath his pressure. A little drawer shot out from the apparently solid wood-work. With methodical precision he drew forth and examined its contents—merely a small roll of yellowed parchments.

Whatever surprise he may have felt over his personal discovery of his contents, his placid countenance expressed none. He quietly placed the documents in the same receptacle which had swallowed up the former packet, shot the little drawer, now empty, back into its place, and went to find Miss Walton.

She was alone, and apparently absorbed

in deep reverie, but roused herself to greet his entrance with unusual graciousness.

“We women are fickle creatures, Mr. Kerr,” she said, after some commonplace observations. “I have changed my mind about wishing to penetrate the mystery attaching to our house. It was merely a woman's whim, as I told you at first, which I was induced to follow from idle curiosity. But I shall claim you as my guest until your private mission to the vicinity has been accomplished.”

His inscrutable gaze rested for a second upon her likewise inscrutable face.

“You are fully satisfied, just as matters stand?” he asked.

“Entirely. In fact, I think I prefer the mystery. It gives the place an air of interest it would not otherwise possess.”

He bowed silently, and the subject was dismissed.

Miss Walton exerted herself to the utmost to please her guest. She talked vivaciously, chaining his attention, if not his mind, until the dinner hour. After that she led him back to the cozy parlor, where the blazing fire sent flashes of ruddy light into every corner. Installing him in the easiest of easy chairs, with the genial warmth about him, she seated herself at the piano and played pieces after piece in that minor key which pervades the air with a somnolent influence akin to the soothing effects of a self-voiced lullaby.

No doubt Mr. Kerr, being no longer a young man, would have succumbed to the potent spell, had it not been for a withdrawing influence.

He was an inveterate snuff-taker, and had, unfortunately, forgotten his box of Macaboy upon the table in his room. He sought in vain to steady himself, but Valeria's assiduous attentions prevented his momentary absence. So the ex-detective leaned back in his velvet-cushioned chair, longing intensely for his favorite relish, and mentally inveighing against the whim which had suddenly invested him with so great importance.

There was a sound of scurrying feet in the passage-way, and the housekeeper appeared in the doorway, with cap awry, and dire consternation depicted upon her countenance.

“What is it, Davis?” inquired Valeria, sharply. “I gave you my orders, I believe.”

“Oh, Miss Walton!” cried Davis, unmindful of the implied reproof, “if you please, miss, there's a strange man in the house. I was a-coming from the left wing, by the little porch-way, and through the hall, when I run slap ag'in him. Oh, dear! and the silver isn't put away, and those careless maids a-chattering, dear knows where.”

“Nonsense! you were frightened at your own shadow,” declared Valeria, angrily. “You should know better than to come with such a silly tale. Mr. Kerr, I beg of you, don't let this disturb you! My housekeeper is developing a brilliant imagination.”

Notwithstanding her evident annoyance, Valeria went out into the hall, and demonstrated to her own satisfaction, at least, that Davis' apparition had been conjured through aid of Mr. Kerr's overcoat, thrown carelessly upon the rack.

“Go back to your duty, and let me hear no more false alarms,” she said, accompanying the command with a significant look.

Mr. Kerr, taking no fright from the alleged proximity of a strange man, gladly hailed this episode. It gave him opportunity to steal, unperceived, away in quest of his Macaboy.

The Grange, not falling within limit of gas-corporations, was lighted by more primitive means. A great chandelier, swinging in the main hall, sent its gleams far back into minor passage-ways. With no other illumination, he made his way toward the arched room.

His quiet footfall gave back no echo. The door swung noiselessly beneath his touch, and he paused one second transfixed with curiosity.

A dark form bent above the little table, across which a single shaft of light was thrown. There was no sound, but some innate sense must have told this figure that an intruder was present. The dark lantern flashed its light suddenly on every side, then was merged in total darkness.

The same instant ex-detective Kerr found himself sprawling in the center of the floor, and heard the click of the key in the door by which he had entered.

“Neatly done, by Jove!” he whispered, admiringly, as he picked himself up from his lowly position. “That back-hand stroke would assure me of my man had I caught no glimpse of his features.”

And Mr. Kerr proceeded coolly to possess himself of his snuff-box, still upon the table, then groped his way to a glass entrance door. He knew the uselessness of giving alarm. His man was safe out of the way for the present, he was convinced, but let him make their next meeting.

The following morning Adria did not appear, but Valeria silenced all conjectures by announcing that her companion had left on the early train for Washington, from which she had received communications from one of her mother's relatives, offering her a temporary home. Miss Walton added that she could not censure the girl for accepting this offer. No doubt the constant reminder of old associations rendered her late situation at the Grange less pleasant than it might otherwise have been.

CHAPTER XX.

WHILE the ex-detective was leisurely recovering from the assault made upon him, Adria sat in her own room in a distant part of the building. Her deft fingers were busy darning a rent in a costly lace set belonging to Valeria. The accidental tear had occasioned the latter considerable vexation, and she thankfully accepted Adria's offer to make it good as new again.

The work fell from her hands after a time completed. The ragged edges joined so neatly that the tiny stitches seemed but a continuation of the broader pattern.

A slightly pungent odor, not unpleasant, filled the room, and Adria found herself growing consciously drowsy. A listless desire for complete inaction, a wish to float away to the misty dreamland closing in around her. She thought she saw Kenneth there beckoning her to come, then he seemed beside her, his footstep sounding in her ear, and then she lost her vague imaginings in utter unconsciousness.

Luke Peters, at her side, dropped the handkerchief saturated with chloroform he had been applying to her nostrils. Throwing a warm shawl about her, he caught her light weight in his sinewy arms, and with stealthy, cat-like tread, traversed the pas-

sage-way, then paused a second to reconnoiter.

A woman's garment rustled by him, and a voice whispered: “All is safe; but you must hasten. Did you succeed?”

“Couldn't have done better,” he returned, in the same tone.

Clearing the lighted hall with a couple of noiseless springs, he let himself out at the great entrance door.

A moment later Valeria's fair hands locked and bolted it behind him. Then she went back to the parlor all aglow with ruddy light, and her self-imposed task of making herself agreeable to her guest. Mr. Kerr, snuff-box in hand, and gently tapping its flagstone lid, looked the picture of unconscious complacency, and smiled appreciation upon the entertaining efforts of his young hostess.

Adria came back to half consciousness and a sensation of painful lassitude; but fancying herself in her own bed, she only turned her head wearily and drowsed into oblivion again.

The gray dawn of early morning faintly penetrated those great garner in the old mill when she awoke. The narrow limits of the unfamiliar apartment dimly traced through the semi-obscure, startled her into a belief that she was still dreaming. Shaking off the impression, she arose and examined the place with a mingled feeling of wonder and dread.

It was exactly similar to the one in which Nelly Kent had found herself, and had been fitted by Peters for his own occupancy.

Adria was alarmed, and for the moment awed. How had she been spirited away from her room at the Grange to this strange place? She tried to recall any action of her own which might have led her there, but memory paused at the moment when her finished work fell from her hands. But, stop! Some half-tangible recollection struggled slowly into her mind. The odor—the pungent inhalation—the half-recognized presence beside her, what were they? A suspicion of the truth, glimmering and uncertain, impressed her.

Her head throbbed with pain, and her brain whirled dizzily, but as she moved about these were gradually away.

She bent upon the rough planks with her bare hands, and called loudly to be released. Only an echo shrieked back at her, and her delicate hands grew sore and bruised from contact with the boards. Once she fancied she heard low moans, and the sound of footfalls, but listening distinguished but the beating of her own heart.

It seemed to her that hours had worn away when the door was opened, admitting Reginald Templeton, but it was still morning.

He had hastened to the mill thus early in the day to make certain of his victory and her helplessness.

She shrank back at sight of him; then her outraged pride came to the rescue, and she confronted him with just anger.

“Was it your doing that has subjected me to this insult?” she demanded.

“Forgive me, Adria; but you left me no gentler message. Can not you see that it is a humiliation to me as well as yourself to be driven to this course? I would have preferred a straightforward wooing.”

“This is an ungentlemanly and ungentlemanly act,” she said, “and one which would not tend to advance your cause were I even inclined to favor it. I demand an instant reparation. Release me; do not seek me again, and I will strive to forget the occurrence.”

“I have acted from no passing impulse, Adria. This consummation has been studiously contemplated and carefully carried into effect. You will never leave this place until you have consented to become my wife!”

Her eyes flashed angrily.

“I forbade you once, Reginald Templeton, uttering such sentiment to me. If I am powerless to protect myself from your insults, there will come a time of reckoning, and with one less disposed to be lenient than I am now.”

“That is—?” he questioned, scornfully.

“One whom I shall be proud to acknowledge my liege! He to whom I consider myself truly bound as though our marriage rites had already been pronounced. One whom I respect and love with my whole soul—Kenneth Hastings.”

A low, sneering laugh escaped his lips.

“The false lover who deserted you in your hour of need? He who would have wedded you for your fair estate, but turned cold when your adversity came? Is it loyalty to his fickle memory which will cause you to throw aside my love, tried and true?”

“You speak falsely,” she asserted.

“His true heart can know no change.”

He regarded her with mocking complacency.

“Ah, he has shown his fealty! He has sought you in your sorrow, has assuaged your grief! He has offered to share with you his home, lowly though it be—or lacking that, he has written of his haste to build up a nest for his lone bird! Ah, yes! he has proved himself loyal and true.”</

Saturday Journal

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"What with the breaking of crockery, soiling of carpets, and other things, I shan't make a cent out of taking them. This money will only about clear me. But, I'm bound to make widow Ashland some kind of a present. Mrs. Tiptop calls herself a lady. Well, she may be; but it was an ill day she took board with me. I'll never take her again—never."

"You have heard both sides of the story, and I consider comment to be unnecessary."

EVE LAWLESS.

A PULL AT THE POETS.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

DREADFUL fellows these poets are. Always misrepresenting things. Little or no reliance to be placed on any thing they say. Goldsmith tells us of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," carrying the idea that the place is mainly inhabited by carpenters—men of the plane. Auburn is chiefly noted for its State prison. Sweet Auburn, indeed!

"Not a word was heard, or a funeral note," wrote Wolfe, narrating the funeral of Sir John Moore. How can we rely upon his report of that funeral, when he didn't take a funeral note?

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear," sings Tennyson, in the May Queen. Now, why not call for Wade Hampton or Stonewall Jackson as well as Early? Fact is, this was before the war, and Early wasn't heard of. When the little girl was dead, it was time enough to wake her.

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Even Byron could write some absurd things. For instance, his lines to Tom Moore—

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea."

Of what use is a boat on the shore, unless it is a stone-boat? Queer way to announce that he had a bad cold, by saying, "My

mer's house through a summer. The women never dress as we do in the city; it is all calico gowns and faded sun-bonnets. Then they have red-hot faces, and great brawny arms, that look as if they could fell an ox. No romance to them—every thing so matter-of-fact.

"If my children do come in from their innocent play, and bring a little dust, how the women do flare up about tracking mud all over the house!"

"When I was so sick, and felt as though I wanted a fresh egg every hour, the woman had the impudence to tell me that the hens never laid so often!"

"I never could have their horse when I wanted it; somebody was always using it. The farmers would come in, and sit in their shirt-sleeves at meal time, which made me feel very faint."

"How funny the children did look, when they got the old clothes out of the attic, and rigged up!" I thought I should have died laughing, but the woman didn't seem to think it quite so funny, but farmers' wives can't be expected to appreciate a joke as well as their betters.

"I wouldn't have such a temper as Mrs. Barstow's for my life, and just because Johnny, my little pet, frightened one of her two-headed children. Any one could see at a glance she wasn't bred a lady. Then, that widow woman telling me her troubles! She didn't get any thing out of me."

"I feel that the money I paid Mrs. Barstow must have been a God-send to her, and she ought to consider it was a lucky day we went to board with her; but, I'll never go there again—never!"

Now for Mrs. Barstow's side of the story:

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bark is on the sea." Why didn't he stay at home, and bark it out on dry land?

Campbell opens his out: "On Linden, when the sun was low," but don't tell us who was high, Jack and the game. He was right, though, about the game being "on Linden." Campbell's rhetoric is faulty, for, in the first verse, he changes his figure from a card-table to a ball-alley, when he speaks of "Is'er rolling rapidly."

Campbell also records, in verse, the elopement of Lord Ullen's daughter with an oil prince, known as "Chief of Ulva's Isle." He relates how Ullen's hired men chased them on horseback for three days, and yet begins the poem, "A chieftain to the Highlands bound." Now, if the chieftain was bound to the Highlands, how could he have effected that three days' flight? He was bound fast to his girl, more likely, for in the third verse we read:

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."

For exposing a delicate young lady in a leaky ferry-boat, on so inclement a night, the chieftain should have been fined in the police-court, even if they hadn't "find us in the glen."

But, these poets are so visionary. They are wholly unreliable, and they mix things up dreadfully.

Foolscap Papers.

A Visit to the Moon.

I HAVE devoted several years of my life to the perfection of a telescope of great power and glory. Last week saw my efforts crowned with success. To test it I brought it to bear upon the moon and was greatly surprised to see that it actually drew that luminary to within a few yards of the earth.

In my delight at this success I hurried and got a sixty-two and a-half foot ladder, fixed the instrument securely so it would not allow the moon to slip back; placed the ladder against said moon, and, after a few moments of inspired climbing, I walked along the street of the principal city in the Luminary in triumph, the observed of all observers, for this was the first time that any earthly mortal had ever landed there, although a good many earthly poets had got pretty near it in the course of their up and down lives.

It was not until after my first surprise was over that I noticed the people all wore their faces on the back of their heads. This was explained to me to be on account of them all having highly poetical temperaments which originally turned their heads; this compels them to walk backward, and looks rather droll to anybody but them.

Their mode of salutation is a kick; the harder the kick the greater is their respect for the receiver. It looked strange to see two persons in passing stop and kick each other. This unusual spectacle I noticed all along the street. They don't mind it any more than we do shaking hands. But the crowd soon began to thicken around me, and bestowed on me more kicks and harder than it was ever your dearest desire that your meaneast enemy should receive. They were very glad to see me. Too much so.

They talk very high English, but every thing they say means exactly the reverse of what it does with us occupants of a lower sphere. Where they shout "you are a liar!" they mean, you tell the truth. It was some time, and not till after I had inadvertently knocked several of them down in telling them how I got there, before I found this out. Another peculiarity in their conversation is that they talk out of their ears.

During a walk as I was passing an inclosure I heard the most hilarious laughter. To see what was the cause of so much fun, I climbed up on the fence and saw, in a graveyard, a large crowd of people burying a man. When I asked why a funeral made them all so jolly, especially a young woman, who seemed to be the widow, I was informed that was the way they mourned for the lost. I then reflected that in our land, some widows mourn in the same manner, only not so loud.

They expressed their good humor in tears and sobs. I found this out when I told a little joke to a small crowd, who set them all to crying as if their hearts would break.

A person there don't generally die all at once. Sometimes a leg will die, or both, or an arm, or a head, while the body will live, and the man still be able to walk around and tend to his business.

A man's brother there is only his father's grandfather's daughter's son's boy, and his sister, in the eyes of the law, is nothing more than his mother's father's daughter's child, as the case may be or may not. Sometimes it may be that a man is his own son-in-law, or his son-in-law's granddaught, and his uncle is often his aunt by marriage, while his grandmother might never have been born.

When they go to bed they tie their night-cap around their feet and put them on the pillow.

They talk in the most outrageous terms to their neighbor's face; they bemean him to every thing, and call him the most degraded animal alive or dead, but the neighbor takes it all in perfect composure, for every thing here means just the opposite. Oh, that I were allowed to talk in that manner to my neighbor! Wouldn't I tell him just what I think of him? Well, I would! and, when I'd get away, wouldn't I write him a note and tell him I meant just exactly what I said without any prevarication? I think so! As it is, my neighbor objects even to me calling him an old fool!

They treated me to a drink of their favorite beverage called, for short, Bmdphgknbgcz. I immediately threw a double summer-baked backward, trotted half a mile on my hands, rode back astride of one of my ears, stood up on my head with both feet, slid down and got into my vest-pocket, and danced on one eyebrow, willing all my earthly possessions and my family to the inventor of that great drink that intoxicates but not inebriates. It was very lively. At least, I thought it was.

They had always looked upon the earth as their moon, and had never supposed it to be inhabited, but thought it was made of green cheese, without even skippers in it.

The people wore shoes on their hands and gloves on their feet. The females had beards, and the males none. They lived in frame houses, built of stone, the roof at each corner being supported by a column of water. They breakfasted at night and took their supper the next morning, eating on common tables turned upside down, and drinking water through their noses.

I was obliged to borrow enough money to get back on; I slid down on a moonbeam.

WASHINGTON WHITEHOIRN.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be paid in advance, and be mailed in wrapper with open end, in order to place the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wasted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS.; as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will try and find place for poems by G. H. S. They all breathe a spirit of tender pathos that strikes well for the young writer's success. But, make haste slowly!

Can also use, some time, poem, "Wedding Wishes," "Thy Will be Done," "A Rainy Day Psalm," "Spice Islands," etc. Sketches: "Robber's Cave," "Specter Canoe," "Prophet's Rock," "Did She Change Her Mind?" "The Two Thanksgivings."

The three MSS. by Miss S. M. T. we hold for further consideration.—Ditto the serial by Mrs. M. H.

Have written Mrs. P. P. St. John. CHARLISSE HARLOW will please call.

The note referred to by Henry F. We dispatched properly to the lady addressed.

We can not use "The Challenge," "The Pearl of the Mountain," "My Broken Ark," "Miss Griffin's Wish," "Aunt Charity," etc.; "Philip, My King," "A Thousand and a Year," "Life in the Barracks," "Eurydice," "Belshazzar's Feast," "I Would I Were a Beauty," "A Ten-mile Stretch," "Not at Home," "Clara, the Cretin," "Be Jolly, Boys."

LAMIN S. No such weekly as *The Rover* published in New York. It expired over a quarter of a century ago.

J. BLANCHARD. We should say call your Surprise Club, "The Welcome Stranger," and get the first lady friend who was lately surprised and who regarded the thing as very unbecoming. A surprise party must be conducted with great circumspection so as not to be an annoyance and *malapropos*.

W. E. H. Can't say if Mr. Alken belonged to the club named, "The Revolutionary Story is on file for insertion, in due season." Thank you for stopping all the other weeklies to take the *STAR JOURNAL*. We know of a great many others who have done likewise.

C. A. W. We can not write to you, especially as you ask us to pay our own postage to do you a favor.

Can make no use of the MS. "Aunt Charity Clinker on Women's Rights," as the first chapter only is submitted. We never give any consideration to portions of a work. The MS. must be complete to secure attention. "Thank you for the story submitted, in this case, we may say—it will not do."

J. B. H. Will try and use "Bonquet of Books" in the *Star Journal*. "Household Hints" is a very well told and we will find room for it. We do not know the name of any Temperance paper.

L. W. McQ. Mr. Albert W. Alken does extend his tour through the West. For real eyes, wear the eyes twice or three daily with a weak solution of brandy in water, and forbear all reading of small print, or reading by night.

P. H. Beadle's *Dream-Book* is one of the best ever published. It is no mere "clap-trap," but a unique exposition of dreams and their causes, together with a Dictionary of Interpretation.

The poem remitted by C. B. H. may be original, but we prefer an assurance that it is not a plagiarism. It is a very admirable composition.

T. B. Westcott. We know of nothing that will remove the roots of the blemish on the face. It does no good, for the seed capsule or initial germ is indestructible unless you strip away the skin itself. Let your beauty alone, is our recommendation.

J. L. P. Can not give you the "opinion" asked. We are not teachers. Hand your work to some good judge near at hand, and do not hope for much success in authorship if you are not a good writer. The ordeal of experience, which every successful author has had to bear.

N. O. R. Do not send to us what you can immediately dispose of elsewhere, since the mass of manuscripts offered compel us to put many things on the time list—to be used only when opportunity offers. Send us, of course, what you deem your very best, but consider that it must "take its turn" in consideration.

EFFIE C. A wooden wedding anniversary is the fifth year's anniversary. It is then proper to present any thing in wood—from a clothes-pin to a house.

ELIZA C. D. asks if we approve of women seeking places in the Government offices at Washington? And why not, pray? Women are so especially useful as copyists in the Departments—as sorters and counters in the Finance bureaus—as accountants, etc., etc., that they save the Government a great deal of money. They are employed in their responsible division: "So precise and accurate are they in making out the schedule of bonds, and so careful in their work by the head of the division, that no mistake has been returned from the register's office, where they are sent to be verified, in more than two years."

About seven hundred women are now employed in the Government offices at the Capitol, and their number will probably never be less.

JAMES W. W. There are many private families in New York city, as well as in other parts of the country, who have billiard-rooms in their houses. Though a game not generally played by ladies, still it is one that many of our fairer friends are fond of. We can certainly see no impropriety in a lady playing billiards at her own home, or the house of a friend.

GROUSEY FALCONER. You ask "What is really considered plagiarism?" The plagiarism of stories and sketches in literary journals, is very prevalent among certain young aspirants of both sexes, for literary distinction. For instance, some aspiring young writer will read a sketch and take it for the plot of a story, and in writing, his effort will adhere closely to the original, changing dates, scenes, etc., etc., and then forward the MS. with the belief that he is the author! This is a plagiarism. Another style of plagiarism is to take a series of stories, poems and sketches. Frequently, however, an author may repeat unconsciously, and be accused of plagiarism when none is intended.

GEORGE HENDERSON. You ask "How can I ascertain whether you have any real literary ability, by writing a number of sketches in your best vein, and then forward one or more to each of the literary journals with which you are familiar?" If a writer is turned to us, as unavailable, you may fairly infer that your talent is not in story writing.

CHARLES MAYO. A military style of hat has been very fashionable this season. The style is a stiff rim, soft top to indent—a *la mode* "Brigand"—and a black cord. This style is becoming to most gentlemen.

POLITICIAN. Every American who thoroughly desires the good of his country should consider it his duty to vote at elections. Otherwise, the official positions will be filled by foreign-born—Americans only by adoption—and our Government will have no rulers who are natives of the soil and to republican institutions.

WARRIORS. If you have five years to decide upon your future occupation, whether you will study a profession or become a merchant, and you are now sixteen, the best thing to do is at once to commence hard study, and, by the time you are twenty, you will have received a good education and can then be better able to judge what you are best fitted for—a profession or a mercantile career.

CHARLES YANCEY. A riding-whip is a very pretty present to give to a young lady, especially as you say she is a fine horse-woman. It depends entirely upon the position in which you give her the ring or not. Books are also presents that may be bestowed as birthday gifts between friends.

MINNIE D. Velvet cloaks are very fashionable this season for ladies. They are made in several different styles, and by a promenade down Broadway, upon a fine afternoon, you can easily discover a pretty style for a pattern for your own.

MABEL. Shakespeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23rd day of April, 1564. His father's name was John, and was a dealer in wool, and in his younger days had been an officer of the corporation of Stratford. His mother was the daughter of Robert Arden, of Wellington, in the county of Warwick. The illustrious poet died at the early age of eighteen, Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior, by whom he had two daughters and one son. He was educated at the free school in Stratford. He died on his birthday, April 23rd, 1616, making him just fifty-three years of age, and was buried on the north side of the church in the great church at Stratford.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

trusting nature, is unworthy the devotion given him. The knowledge will shatter the idol, but it will break the worshiper's heart-strings, too.

The door unclosed again and Peters stood within it. Adria, supposing him a tool of her enemy, acknowledged his presence by an indifferent glance.

"What do you want?" she asked, as he waited there silently.

"To be your friend, Miss Ellesford," the man said, civilly. She turned to him quickly.

"You will help me away from here?"

"I don't do that," he returned, "but I'll help you escape the machinations of the man who has just left you. Will not this prove my sincerity?"

He gave her a bit of crumpled paper. It was Kenneth's note—the last he had written. She absorbed its contents with eager eyes.

"Oh, thank God that he is true!" she cried, fervently, grateful tears swelling up and blinding her sight. Forcing them back, she went to the man taking his hand between her palms.

"I will trust to you," she said. "You have given me back my precious faith. I can not thank you as I would like, but I will pray that God may bless you for your kindness to me this day."

She felt the shudder which ran through his frame.

"I don't much believe in prayers," he said, grimly, "but yours can do me no harm. So, pray for me if you like, little one."

She stroked his hand silently, and then asked:

"Where did you get it—the letter?"

"Reginald Templeton pulled it out of his pocket with some—some money he paid me."

"For keeping me here?" she asked.

He nodded.

"I'm not working for him for all that," he said. "I've a stronger incentive on the other side. If I befriended you, Miss Ellesford, can I depend upon your silence regarding such of my affairs as you may learn here?"

"Yes, certainly," she assured him.

"I may have my secrets as well as my betters. I don't think you will attempt to pry into them." And then he told her briefly of the other woman's presence, and her low, morbid condition.

THE LEAFLESS WOODS.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

All lonely, through the leafless woods,
When Autumn bleak resumes her reign,
I stray to hear the trees complain,
But, in their sighs of mingled grief,
My heart, alas, finds no relief.

The sun shines where each gloomy shade
Throughout the summer long had been,
Where leaflets thick and green forbade
His radiance to enter in.
I would my heart's yew-tree were bare,
That bright-faced joy could enter there.

All lonely, through the leafless woods,
Where summer flowers drooping lie,
I sit me down where solitude's
Enchanting moments calm the sigh
That fain would weigh upon the heart,
And there its pang of woe impart.

The summer bird's deserted nest
Now hangs all bleak neglected there,
High in the tree's light bending crest,
And chilled by Autumn's hazy air—
To-day my heart's as full of woe
As nests shall be of winter's snow.

All lonely, through the leafless woods
My homeward steps I slowly bend,
And, oh, the dearth of moods
Thro'out my frame a sadness send—
The moultings of the Autumn breeze
My prisoned woe can not release.

The Dark Secret:
The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON,
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

On the floor lay Augusta, prone on her face, her whole form writhing like one in unendurable agony, her long, wild, black hair streaming, unbound, around her, her hands clenched till her delicate veins stood out like whip-cord, every motion quivering with unbearable torture. Startled and alarmed—albeit both to her were unusual—Jacquetta went over, and, catching her arm, exclaimed:

"Augusta!"

With a fearful shriek and maddened bound, she was on her feet, confronting her—her beautiful face distorted with anguish and remorse—her whole countenance so altered and terrible that Jacquetta involuntarily recoiled a step as she beheld her.

"Augusta! Augusta! Good heavens! What is the meaning of this?" cried Jacquetta.

But Augusta, with a wild, moaning cry, sunk down on a seat, and, with a convulsive shudder, hid her face in her hands.

"Augusta, my sister! tell me what has wrought this frightful change in you—once so calm, so proud, so queenly!"

"GUILT!" cried Augusta, dashing away Jacquetta's clinging hand, "guilt so black, so foul, so horrible that the very fiends themselves would shudder at it; guilt that it would curdle your blood, freeze your heart, blight your soul to hear; guilt, the very name of which—if it came to me—would bluster and blacken my lips to utter! Go—leave me! I ask nothing—I want nothing, but to be alone—and die!"

And with a cry of despair, she sunk down again, shuddering, and collapsed.

Jacquetta stepped back, and calmly regarded her.

"You are insane, Augusta, or in the delirium of a brain fever. I shall send for a doctor."

"Oh, leave me! leave me! leave me!" moaned Augusta, in a dying voice.

"Not in this state. I will stay with you until you come to your senses," said Jacquetta, sitting down.

The invincible determination in her voice seemed to pierce through every other feeling in the reeling brain of Augusta. She lifted up her face, and, with a suddenness that was more startling than her former paroxysms of anguish and despair, rose calmly and haughtily to her feet.

"Will you leave me, Jacquetta? I wish to be alone. Go!"

Augusta, let me stay! Indeed, your mind is wandering—let me stay!"

Without a word, and with a look of one petrified to stone, Augusta swept across the room, and laid her hand on the door.

"Nay, then, if you will not remain with me, I will not send you from your room," said Jacquetta, in a troubled voice, as she, too, started up. "Do not go, Augusta. I will leave you. But, oh, my dearest sister, is there nothing I can do for you?" she said, beseechingly, clasping her hands.

"Nothing—but leave me!"

With a sigh, Jacquetta left the room, and she heard the key turn behind her in the lock.

The proud heart of Augusta De Vere might bleed and break, but it could do both alone.

She turned away, and passed on to the room of her patient, where she found that handsome youth fast asleep, and, seeing her presence was not required there either, she finally sought her own room.

It was rather dull-downstairs that evening, for neither Augusta nor Jacquetta appeared at all. Mr. De Vere and Frank both retired early, and so Captain Disbrowe was left alone, in no very agreeable frame of mind, to wander through the lower rooms and amuse himself as best he might, and wish Jacquetta would join him; but no Jacquetta came. At length, putting on his hat, he set off for a stroll, with his own thoughts for company.

It was a clear, starlit night, mild and warm as June; and, tempted by its quiet beauty, he walked on and on, returning, at last, by the north wing, that, in its gloomy silence, had a strange fascination for him.

While he stood leaning against a broken pillar, looking up at it, he became conscious of voices near him; and a moment after two dark forms appeared from within the shelter of a low, ruined wall, overrun with ivy. One was the tall form of a man, muffled in a cloak, and wearing a slouched hat drawn down over his face, completely hiding it from view; and the other was—could he believe his eyes?—the stately form of his proud cousin, Augusta!

Even in his surprise—and it was intense—he saw that they seemed to shrink from each other with a sort of dread, or horror, or fear; and that both were extremely agitated. Once he saw his cousin stop and make a frantic, passionate gesture, as if she would have hurled herself madly upon the stones at her feet, and the man put out his arm as if to catch her, and then draw it back and recoil still further from her. Then

they turned an angle of the wall and disappeared, and he was alone in the light of the bright, beautiful stars that looked serenely down on that strange meeting, as they have looked upon many other since the world began.

With an irresistible impulse, he turned to follow them, but both were gone—vanished like phantoms of the night; and he turned to retrace his steps, wondering inwardly where the secrets of this strange old house were to end.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN DISBROWE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"Ah! did we take for heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What angels we should be!"—Milton.

"THE top of the mornin' to ye, captain, darlin'!" said a voice, in a slightly foreign accent. And the next moment, Master Frank, with a whoop that spoke well for the strength of his lungs, sprang up the front steps, and stood beside Disbrowe, who was lounging indolently against one of the quaint old pillars supporting the doorway, looking at the north wing, and thinking of the little incident of the previous night.

"The same to yourself, my sprig of shillaly," said Disbrowe, lifting his eyes, but without moving from his lazy position. "I say, Frank," he added, suddenly, "do you know any thing about that mysterious old tower or wing over there? I think there's something wrong about it."

"Why?" asked Frank, casting an uneasy look, first on the speaker, and then on the place indicated.

"Well, from nothing that I know of my own knowledge, of course," replied Disbrowe; but it has a confoundingly suspicious, ghostly look about it for one thing, and I saw something strange there a few nights ago."

"You did?" said Frank, with a start.

"A light!"—said Disbrowe, taking out a cigar, and biting the end off—"a light passing the front window, and shining through the ivy leaves. It was late—about midnight, I think—and, not feeling sleepy, I had turned out to admire the beauties of Nature, and look at the moon, and all that sort of thing, when, to my surprise, I saw a light flashing through the windows, and then disappearing."

"Oh, pooh!—a will-o'-the-wisp—an *ignis fatuus*—a jack-o'-lantern," said Frank, giving himself an uneasy twist.

"It was a jack-o'-lantern with a vengeance!" said Disbrowe, laughing.

"Eh?" said Frank, looking sharply up.

"My dear young friend," said Captain Disbrowe, lighting his cigar, and drawing a few whiffs, "allow me to say that breaking yourself of that nasty habit of speaking in abrupt jerks would be a good thing to do. It gives me a sensation akin to a galvanic shock, or a twinge of toothache, to listen to you. I was informing you, I believe, that I saw a light in that old deserted place there, if I don't mistake, which piece of information allow me to repeat now, if you did not clearly comprehend it the first time."

"It must have been one of the servants," said Frank, taking out a knife, and commencing to whittle.

"Perhaps," said Captain Disbrowe, with a dubious smile, as he meditatively watched the wreaths of smoke curling upward.

"You don't believe me?" said Frank, looking at him.

"My dear boy," said the young officer, in his cold, careless way, "you don't suppose I could possibly be so impolite as to doubt your word? At the same time, my amiable young friend, allow me to ask you if your servants are in the habit of taking nocturnal excursions through those deserted rooms, or what possible reason—since they have been deserted for the last twenty years—they can have at all for going there?"

Frank looked cautiously over his shoulder for a moment to see that no one was listening, and then coming closer to Disbrowe, and sinking his voice to a cautious whisper, he said:

"I tell you what, cousin Alfred, there is something queer about that old place. I've always thought so, and I've seen lots of little things, now and then, to confirm the belief. I don't know what it is; and what's more, they all take precious good care I shan't know either; but I'll find out one of these days, as sure as my name's Frank De Vere—which it ain't, for that matter."

Jack's posted, I know, and I'm sure she has something to do with it. Did you ever hear a strange sort of music there of nights?"

"Why?" said Disbrowe, evasively, remembering his promise to Jacquetta.

"Because I have, and more than once. When I get into bed I flatter myself I can beat any one to death in the sleeping line; but there have been times when I woke up, and I have heard the queerest, solemnest, and sort of far-off music at the dead of night, and I am quite sure it came from some place around here. I asked uncle about it the first time I heard it, and I wish you had seen the look he gave me, and the terrific way he thundered: 'Begone, sir! and hold your tongue, and never speak of such a thing again at your peril!' It beat a stern father in a melodrama all to nothing; so I bothered him no more after that."

"I wonder you never asked Jack."

"Well, I don't know; there's a sort of touch-me-not flash in Jack's eyes now and then when you tread on forbidden ground, and somehow I've always felt that she's more concerned in this affair than any of the rest. Of course, I don't know—I only guess; and, as it happens, I generally guess pretty accurately. 'Tis the evening of life gives me mystical lore."

"And coming events cast their shadows before," said Disbrowe, pointing to an approaching shadow; and even as he spoke, Jacquetta herself flashed up the steps, and stood bright and smiling before them.

"Bon matin, messieurs! Hope I don't intrude?"

"Angels can never be intruders!" said Disbrowe, flinging away his cigar, and touching his hat. "A thousand welcomes, my bright Aurora!"

"Now don't!" said Jacquetta, with a slight grimace. "I can't stand too much of that, you know. It's like burnt brandy—a very little of it goes a long way, and is very filling at the price. What momentous affairs were you discussing so learnedly just now, as I came up?"

"We were discussing Miss Jacquetta De Vere!"

"Well, I don't know as you could have found a better subject, at once edifying and instructive. But what say you to breakfast now, as a change of subject?"

"A most agreeable change," said Disbrowe; "and though, perhaps, not so delightful as the other, a good deal more substantial. I move an immediate adjournment."

"I second the motion," said Frank, shutting up his knife, and putting it in his pocket.

"What is the programme for to-day?" said Jacquetta, as they moved toward the breakfast-parlor.

"Haven't decided yet," said Disbrowe. "Most likely you will devote yourself solely to our handsome patient, in which case, by the time evening comes, you will very probably find my melancholy remains suspended from the nearest tree—a victim to the blue-devils and the most hard-hearted of cousins!"

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," said Jacquetta, with a laugh. "But, having some regard for the feelings of the family, allow me to suggest an alternative to so direful a catastrophe. I am going to visit one of my pensioners this afternoon, about a mile from this; and, if you will promise to be good, and not pay me too many compliments, you may come. I have spoken."

"A hundred thousand thanks, most angelic of thy sex!" said Disbrowe, laying his hand on his heart, and bowing after the manner of gentlemen on the stage, who go down head-foremost, until nothing is to be seen but the tails of their coat. "I am ready to swear by 'all the vows that ever men have broken,' as my friend Shakespeare has it, to talk to order on any subject, from love and murder down to the latest style of 'gent's superior vests,' for so delectable a privilege, I'm ready to vow the severest obedience to all and every command that may issue from lips so beautiful; and what's more, as my friend Shakespeare further remarks, am ready to 'seal the bargain with a holy kiss.'"

"And I'll witness the transaction," said Frank, with a chuckle. "But here comes Gusty."

As he spoke Augusta swept past, with one of her slight, haughty courtesies, and took her place at the table, followed by the others. Disbrowe thought of the mysterious interview of the night before, and looked at her curiously; but the cold, pale face was high and immovable, and marble-like in its lofty pride and repelling hauteur. Not the faintest trace of emotion was visible in that coldly-beautiful face; the long, dark lashes swept the white cheeks, and veiled the dusky, brooding eyes; the pale lips were compressed—scorning, in their curved pride, all help and sympathy; the shiny, jetty hair was combed down either side of the high, noble, queenly brow—like alabaster in its purity, and simply knotted behind the haughty head. Had she been of steel or stone she would have looked as human as she did then; and yet this was the girl he had seen ready to dash herself on the pitiless rocks the night before, in her intolerable agony of woe and despair. She scarcely spoke or moved or lifted her eyes while she sat with them—there in body, but oh, so immeasurably distant in spirit! But once, in answering some question of his, she had, for a second or two, looked up, and then he saw the dark, settled night of anguish in those large, melancholy eyes.

Jacquetta was, as usual, the life and soul of them all—keeping up a constant war of words, and a steady fire of short, sharp, stinging repartees with the company generally—sometimes provoking Disbrowe to laughter, and sometimes to anger, and appearing most delightfully indifferent to both.

Then she undertook to give an account of her escapade with Captain Nick Tempest to her uncle, burlesquing the whole affair, and holding him especially up in so ridiculous a light that she had the old gentleman and Frank laughing most heartily, and had Disbrowe so indignant and mortified that he could have shaken her then and there with a right good will. But thinking it better to leave his dignity as a man, he joined in the laugh against himself.

After breakfast the young lady went off to see Jacinto—as she took the trouble of informing our gallant young officer before starting; and he, with Frank, sauntered out to a trout-stream the latter knew of, where they could pass the morning. As usual, their theme was Jack; and an inexhaustible theme they found it, and mightily interesting to both.

"The spoke of going to see one of her pensioners," said Disbrowe. "How many has she got?"

"Oh, lots. And a precious lot, too. There's one of them, now," said Frank, pointing to a hump-backed, idiot-looking boy who approached them, holding a brace of partridges. "Hallo, Dickie! Where are you bound for?"

"There," said the lad, pointing with a nod and a grin toward Fontelle.

"Who are the birds for?" said Frank, attempting to look at them.

"You let 'em do!" said Dickie, dodging back and assuming a belligerent attitude. "They're for her—Miss Jack; you let them alone—will you?"

"All right," said Frank, laughing. "Go on, Dickie. Give my compliments to the town-pump the next time you see it."

"And that's one of her proteges!" said Disbrowe, glancing carelessly after him. "An interesting one, upon my word! If ever I do that sort of a thing, I shall only adopt pretty little girls."

"And marry them when they grow up—not a bad notion, that," laughed Frank. "And as pretty little girls are to be had for the asking, you will soon have a household. Suppose you begin with little Rosie Howlett?"

"Faith, I shouldn't mind. She came next door to proposing the last time I saw her. But how came Miss Jack to adopt that picture of ugliness?"

"Well, thereby hangs a tale." It was one day, about two years ago, Jack was down to Green Creek; and, passing by a tavern, saw a lot of rowdies and loafers crowding round poor, silly Dickie, laughing, taunting, jeering, and kicking, and pulling, and hauling the poor fellow until they had him half-maddened. A slight light that was enough to make Jack's blood blaze; and in a moment she had darted fiercely through them, and stood defending Dickie, stamping her foot, and blowing them up right and left as only she can—calling them a set of cowards and rascals, the whole of them. I expect they were rather startled to see such a little fury, for all folk but one half-tipsy fellow, who seized her by the arm in a threatening manner. With a perfect shriek of passion, Jack sprang back, and dashed her hand in his face with such force that, big as he was, he reeled back, and saw more stars, I reckon,

than he ever saw before. Dick had taken to his heels the moment he found himself free; so Jacquetta, having stopped to assure them once more that they were a set of low, mean, cowardly knaves to so abuse Dickie, took her departure, while the rest forcibly held back the drunken scoundrel, who seemed very anxious to pounce on her."

"And has he never attempted to injure her since?" said Disbrowe.

"No," said Frank. "A very remarkable circumstance caused him to change his mind. Shortly after the adventure I have just related, news came that Goose Creek was rising, and was likely to carry away the bridge. Jack mounted Lightning and rode down; and there, sure enough, an immense crowd was gathered on the banks, watching the creek roaring, and foaming, and dashing along; and there was the bridge all broken—and shaking planks that every second might be carried away. Just as Jack reached the place, there was a great cry that a man had been carried off the bank, and directly they heard his screams for help; and there he was clinging to a large rock in the middle of the creek, and shrieking out to them for God's sake not to let him drown. A lot of men got a rope, and tried to throw it to him, but it was impossible for him to reach it, unless some one ventured out on the plank and risked their own lives for him. No one would, however, for he was a miserable, drunken wretch; and in another minute he would have been swept away, if Jacquetta had not sprung off her horse, seized the rope, and while the crowd stood speechless with horror, darted out on the plank. I tell you, cousin Alfred, as they saw her standing there, that young girl, on that frail plank, over that foaming torrent, bravely risking her life to save another's, every man, woman and child there dropped on their knees, and the silence of death reigned. She reached the middle of the plank, she flung him the rope; but before she could turn, the plank was swept from under her, and she was hurled headlong into the foaming torrent."

"Heavens!" gasped Disbrowe, with a paling cheek, as though he saw it before him.

"There was a cry as of one mighty voice from that crowd," continued Frank, "as they saw her fall; but clear and high above all arose her ringing voice: 'Pull men—pull! Don't let me drown! She held on firmly, and the next minute the pair of them stood high—and dry I was going to say, only it wouldn't be true—on dry land. And a hearty cheer from the spectators greeted them."

Frank's cheeks were flushed, and his eyes were glistening at the recollection.

"And there she stood—God bless her!—dripping like a water-goddess, and listening to their shouts as coolly and composedly as though they were so many French dolls. I stood there, hugging her, I believe, and crying, and laughing, and shouting all together—to all of which her sole reply was, as she jerked herself away, 'Frank, don't squeeze me so; don't you see my wet clothes are spoiling your new pants?'"

This winding up was so characteristic of Jacquetta, that Disbrowe began to laugh.

"And the man—what of him?"

"Oh, he was the same fellow that she struck for taking hold of her when she interfered in behalf of Dick—and a worthless scamp he was; but from that day he reformed; got sober and industrious, and is a first-rate old fellow now; and would die gladly, I believe in my soul, for Jack. So, there's the history of two of her proteges."

It was strange to effect these and similar stories of Jacquetta's daring and kindness of heart had on Disbrowe. Softened and tender his thoughts of her grew, until his cheeks flushed, and his eye fired, and his pulses bounded, and he drew a long, quivering breath, and wished from the very depths of his soul she were an heiress, with a rent-roll of twenty thousand a year, that he might dare to love her. As it was, he might as well venture to fall in love with the moon, for all hope he ever could have of marrying her.

"That's the worst of it with poor devils of younger brothers like me, without a rap to bless themselves with! They can't fall in love like decent Christians, and marry whom they please; but, woe! Alfred Disbrowe, my boy, do you know what you are talking about? What have you to do with falling in love—you who are signed, sealed and delivered—as good as married already? I wish I had never seen Jack De Vere!" he exclaimed, almost passionately.

"That girl can bedevil, with her wild, witching ways, whoever she pleases, and I'll be sure to go and make a fool of myself before I have done! Oh, Jack De Vere! you compound of inconsistencies! was there ever one like you before in the world?"

Sitting there, he thought of her in all her changing moods, until the momentary gloom that had overspread his fine face passed away, and again he laughed.

"What a sensation she would make among the titled dames who crowd Fontelle Park, to be sure—this wild Yankee girl! I think I see Lady Margaret's look of horror and consternation, Earncliffe's haughty dismay, and the wonder and amazement, not to say terror, of the rest. How Tom Vane, and Lord Austrey, and all the rest of the fast bloods, would rave about her; and how she would be toasted and talked of—the *bonne* of the day! Heigho! what a pity it is a man dare not do as he pleases! If some kind fairy would give me fifty thousand pounds this moment, I believe, in my soul, I would marry the girl, if she would have me, in spite of fate and—Norma Macdonald!"

In a more thoughtful mood than was customary with the gay, careless, nonchalant young guardsman, he walked back to Fontelle, and watched Jacquetta during dinner, with a strange mingling of pain and pleasure.

So gay, so bright, so bewitching she was—this sparkling fay of the moonlight—this bright-winged little bird of Paradise—this daring, dauntless-hearted Joan of Arc—that he would have given worlds, at that moment, could he, for one instant, have called her his. With a thrill that tingled through every vein in his heart, Captain Alfred Disbrowe—the brother of an earl—a peer of the realm in prospect—made the discovery that he was falling in love, and with this penniless, red-haired "Yankee girl!"

An hour after dinner, she came flying in her light, breezy way, down-stairs, equipped for her walk, and looking more beautiful, he thought, than he had ever seen her before. Her dark-blue dress and black velvet shawl set off the exquisite fairness of her pearly complexion; her cheeks were flushed; her gray eyes shone and sparkled

like stars; her smiling mouth looked more like a rose-bud than ever, and her short, bright, dancing curls flashed around her snow-white, polished, laughing forehead, with a careless grace of their own, that almost surprised Disbrowe into an inward conviction that there *was* a possibility of red hair looking pretty. But, then, the honorable captain was falling in love with their fairy owner, and could not be expected to be an impartial judge.

"Do you know what I was doing this morning?" said Jacquetta, as they walked along.

"Well," said Disbrowe, "I don't pretend to divination; but I think I can guess. You were, most probably, sitting beside your handsome patient."

"Exactly! You are as smart at guessing as a Yankee. But I was doing something more. I was reading."

"Ah! were you? Your prayer-book, I suppose?"

"Dear me! how sarcastic we are! No—it was a novel—an old story; so old and simple that the fastidious, refined Captain Disbrowe would pitch it away with a contemptuous 'pshaw!' as an unworthy his imperial notice; yet I liked it."

"Captain Disbrowe would have liked any thing you did, my dear child."

"Oh, would he? Leaping over the Demon's Gorge, for instance. He didn't seem to like that!"

"Most malicious of fables! am I never to hear the last of that?"

"Don't pay compliments, then. But, about this story—I was reading it to Jacinto, and he liked it, too; and he's a judge of good things, Jacinto is. Knows so much, too—is a heap too clever for a foreigner, in fact."

"No doubt you think so," said Disbrowe, bitterly; "he is perfection in your eyes—a young jackanapes!"

"Come, Captain Disbrowe, be civil. I can't stand this, you know. But, in this old story I was telling you of, when you were so impolite as to put me out, there was a young nobleman who fell in love with a peasant girl—one of his father's tenants—and she fell in love with him."

"A peasant girl! What a precious fool he must have been!" said Disbrowe, *sotto voce*.

"Well, his father heard it, and raised no end of a row. In vain the lover pleaded; the old gentleman was inexorable—wouldn't be brought to view matters in their proper light at all, and ended by banishing his son from home; and, when he got him away, compelling the girl to marry some body else."

"Well, I dare say she was willing enough," said Disbrowe; "girls generally are, to get married. What did the fortunate young gentleman do when he heard it? Married some Lady Scrapina Ann, I suppose."

"No, sir! he died of a broken heart! What do you think of that?" said Jacquetta, triumphantly.

Disbrowe laughed. "What a paragon he was! Ought to be labeled and sent to the British Museum, as the eighth, last, and greatest wonder of the world. A man with a broken heart! Ye gods! And Captain Disbrowe laughed immediately."

"Oh, you may laugh," said Jacquetta; "but my belief is, that there are some men who have hearts to break, in this flinty world, if one could only find them. Now, what would you do, cousin Alf, for a woman you loved?"

"Something better than break my heart, I should hope."

"Are you quite sure you have one to break? Would you risk your life for her?"

"No; something better."

"Die, then?"

"Die?—not I! Better still."

"What, then? I give it up."

"Make her Mrs. D."

"That would be a climax of happiness, certainly! Oh, the self-conceit of man! And so that is all the extent to which your gallantry would carry you, is it?"

"Ah, *ma belle*, what would I not risk for you!" said Disbrowe, softly, with his handsome eyes fixed on her face.

Jacquetta laughed. "Dreadfully obliged, I'm sure! And here goes to test that declaration. Climb up there and bring me those flowers."

A huge, steep boulder, almost perpendicular, reared up near them, and at a dizzy height from the ground a cluster of pretty pink flowers grew in a cleft. Jacquetta pointed to these, and said, imperatively, "Climb!"

Had she told him to spring into the seething crater of Mount Vesuvius in that tone, he would have obeyed. Before the word had well passed her lips, he was already on his way up the giddy steep.

It was a dangerous place to venture, only suited to cats and sailors, and other wild animals, accustomed to walk on air; but Captain Disbrowe was young, lithe, and active, and went up with marvelous speed, clinging to loose pieces of rock, and lardy, projecting plants. Jacquetta stood below, watching him with a queer smile on her pretty face.

He reached the cleft at last, seized the flowers, and prepared to descend; but—alas for his knight-errantry!—the treacherous stone on which he stood gave way, and the next instant he lay stunned and motionless on the ground.

With a great cry, Jacquetta sprang forward and bent over him. Without sign of life he lay, and kneeling beside him, she raised his head, crying out in tones of passionate grief:

"Oh, Alfred! cousin Alfred! look up—speak to me!—say you are not hurt! Oh, he is dead! and I have killed him!"

She bent over him as he lay, cold and still, and her lips touched his cheek. The next instant, she recoiled in terror at the hot rush of blood that followed that slight caress.

But that was enough. As a slight dent with a boy's foot once overpowered the dam, and changed it to a foaming torrent, so every thing was swept with resistless force from his mind at the touch of those rosy lips, save the one thrilling, tumultuous thought that he loved her, with all his heart and soul. The next moment she was in his arms, held there almost fiercely,

CHAPTER XII.

A STRANGE MEETING.

"Dare you linger here at midnight, alone when the wind is about? And the bat, and the newt, and the viper, and the creeping things come out. Beware of these ghostly chambers. Search not what my heart hath been, lest you find a phantom sitting. Where once there sat a queen."

—OWEN MEREDITH.

It was in rather a peculiar mood, to use a mild phrase, that the Honorable Alfred Disbrowe walked home. There were a great many conflicting feelings surging through his mind, and chief among them were astonishment and mortification. Did ever man in this world make a proposal, and have it answered in such fashion as this? Did ever any living being behold such a provoking little mix as this fierce, unreadable little enigma—this savage little wildcat, who unscented her claws and scratched, the moment he came too near—this young tornado—this small flash of lightning—this little grenade, all jets, and fire, and sparkles? It would have been a comfort to get hold of her—to shake her—to pull her ears, and then love her a thousand fold more than ever. Captain Disbrowe was just in the mood to do both. He could have boxed her ears with all his heart, and yet never had that heart thrilled in all his life as it was thrilling at that moment to the sound of her name. How his pulses leaped, and his blood bounded at the recollection of her small, involuntary, cousinly caress. Oh, Jacquetta! Jacquetta!—you little inflammation of the heart!—you little thunderclap! how much you had to answer for, for throwing the indolent, nonchalant, careless Captain Alfred Disbrowe into such a state of mind as that!

He reached home, at last—half-hoping, half-dreading, to meet Jacquetta. The drawing-room door lay open, and a clear, sweet voice he knew only too well, was singing:

"Oh, the Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great, His maid's taken up wi' the things o' the state."

There! there is a hole in the ballad!

Where's papa, Frank?

"Upstairs, in the library," said Frank, sauntering out, encountering Disbrowe in the hall.

Disbrowe went in—half-afraid to do it, too, for he could not tell how Jacquetta would meet him. She was lying back, half-buried in the downy cushion of a lounge, caressing her huge, savage dog, Lion, who crouched at her feet, flicking her hand and watching her with his eyes of flame. As Disbrowe entered, she started up, with a growl like distant thunder.

"Now, Lion, be quiet!—have manners, can't you? It's only your cousin Alfred, you know. Come in, my dear sir; I'm alone here, and feel awfully blue." And a dreary yawn attested the truth of her words.

As Captain Disbrowe, angry and provoked at this unlooked-for sort of greeting, obeyed, and flung himself, half-sullenly, into an arm-chair, her eyes fell on the dearly-bought flowers which, almost unknown to himself, he still carried in his hand.

"Oh, what pretty flowers! Hand them here, cousin Alfred. Lion, go after them." Lion dutifully got up and trotted over, took the flowers in his mouth and brought them to his mistress.

"How sweet they are—how pretty—almost as delicious as the giver!" And the wicked fairy looked up, and laughed in his face.

With a suppressed oath, Captain Disbrowe sprang to his feet and began pacing, with passionate strides, up and down. Of all her wilful moods, he had not supposed she would meet him like this: scorn and anger—blushing and avoidance. Silence and hauteur, he could have borne and managed, but this—this sublime forgetfulness of the whole thing—this audacious coolness and unconcern! Had she been trying for years, she could not have hit on a way so likely to enrage him; and I am afraid, as he ground his teeth, more than one naughty word escaped.

Jacquetta arched her eyebrows, and pursed up her lips.

"Why, cousin Alfred! Good gracious! I wonder you ain't ashamed! Do you know what you said, sir?"

"Jacquetta, you will drive me mad!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"Dear me! you said it again! Now, Lion, behave yourself! Don't eat all my flowers that way!"

"Jacquetta, will you listen to me?" he cried, stopping before her in his excited walk.

"Well—proceed."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. It shows a good deal of good sense on your part. Now, Lion, will you stop eating my flowers?"

"Oh, saints and angels! grant me patience! Jacquetta, you will drive me mad!"

"Well, you told me that before, if I don't mistake. What's the good of repeating it? Go on."

"With a fierce imprecation, he was up again, striding up and down as if he really was mad. Jacquetta rose on her elbow, adjusted her pillow, so that she could lie and watch him comfortably."

"Cruel!—heartless!—unwomanly!" burst passionately from his lips, as he strode on without heeding her.

She looked at him with a strange, mocking smile on her face, and drew the ears of her savage pet through her fingers.

"Not tired yet," she said, when he ceased. "Perhaps you are going into training for a pedestrian?"

"Insulting!—unfeeling coquette!" he bitterly cried.

She arose, haughtily.

"You forget yourself, sir! Another word like that, and I leave the room!"

of him, as well. And I rather fancy you would find it an easier question to answer than this."

He was silent, and bit his lip. The look of intense mockery on Jacquetta's face was mingled now with unutterable scorn.

"Oh, the wisdom of these men! Oh, this wonderful love of theirs! Oh, this unspeakable depth of refinement and delicacy! Lion, my boy, thank God you love me, and have not a man's heart!"

"Jacquetta!" he said, with a haughty flush, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, to be sure!" she said, "you do not know. If I had been one of your Lady Marys, or Lady Janes, would you have dared to talk to me like this? Because you found me a wild Yankee girl, who rode steeple-chases, played with dogs instead of Berlin wool and French novels, you thought you were free to insult me, and to talk to me as you would to a coal-heaver's daughter in England. Don't interrupt me, sir, and don't attempt to deny it; for, knowing what we both know, such a declaration from you is nothing more nor less than an insult!"

He faced round, and the light of his dark, bright, handsome eyes shone full upon her face.

"What we both know?" he said, slowly. "May I ask what you mean by that, Miss Jacquetta?"

Her face flushed to the very temples, and for a second or two, her eyes fell.

"I won't tell you!" she said, defiantly. "But I know more than I ever learned from you!"

Her tone, hot at first, fell into its customary sassy cadence, as she went on; and she broke into a short laugh, and fell to caressing Lion again as she ceased.

"And this is my answer?" he said, bitterly.

"Your answer? Yes, sir! I hope it pleases you."

"And this is Jacquetta?"

"At your service, sir. How do you like her?"

"Have you a woman's heart, Jacquetta, or is there a stone in its place?"

"Perhaps there is." And she laughed wickedly. "If so, you ought to be satisfied, for you said, away back there in your first chapter, that I had given you a stone."

"Have you no mercy?"

"None for my foes. The motto of a true De Vere is, 'War to the knife!'"

"Oh, tiger-heart!" cried Disbrowe. "Am I to get no reply but this?"

"Reply to what? Begin at the beginning of the catechism again, and see how I will answer you. Ask away, and never fear but you will get your answer."

"I told you I loved you."

"Yes—I have a faint recollection of the fact. But you don't call that a question, I hope?"

"Nevertheless, I expected an answer."

"Ah! What was it to be?"

"That you loved me in return."

"Jacquetta laughed; and, springing up, began declaiming, stage-fashion:

"When in that moment, so it came to pass, Titania awoke, and straightway loved an ass!"

You see, I can quote Shakespeare as well as you, Cousin Alfred."

He ground his teeth with rage.

"Oh, heavens above! And this is what I have loved?"

"Don't get excited, my good Alfred—my dear Alfred! Keep cool; and if you find the air of this room heating, would you mind my insinuating a walk up and down the maple avenue, out there? The air, this cool spring day, will be a good thing to take."

"Heart of flint!—heart of steel! A tigress would have more pity than you!"

"Yes," Jacquetta answered, "I do not understand me?"

"I say nothing. I want you to explain."

"Then," she said, with a triumphant flash of her eye, "you shall have it! What of Norma?"

"Jacquetta!"

"Alfred!" she said, with a mocking smile.

"Who told you—how came you—?"

"There, that is enough! Go—leave me!" And she opened the door and pointed out.

"First tell me—"

"I will not—leave me!" she said, with an imperious stamp of her foot. "And take this parting piece of advice with you. Forget what has passed this evening, as I will endeavor, also, to do. Forget there is such a person as the girl, Jacquetta, and think of me only as the boy, Jack De Vere. There—go!"

She held out her arm toward the door, and kept it in that position until he was gone, angrily and haughtily. And for an hour after that, she passed to and fro, up and down the room, without stopping once, with eyes so full of dark, bitter gloom, that you would hardly have known her for the gay, laughing fairy of Fontelle Hall.

She went over, at last, and leaned wearily against the mantel, and looked in the fire burning on the marble hearth. Long and intently she gazed in the glowing coals, as though some dark picture had arisen there before her. Was that vision any thing like that of Old Grizzle Howlet's of the inn? Did she see the foul gulf and the prostrate form lying in the slime at the bottom—lying at his feet, too? Something dark it must have been; for she drew a long, shivering breath, as she turned away, with a weary step and a paling cheek.

The sound of pleasant voices and gay laughter greeted the ears of Disbrowe an hour or so later, when he ascended to the parlor for the evening meal, and fell on his angry little vinegar upon niter. All the family were assembled there. Mr. De Vere sat in his arm-chair beside a couch, on which reclined the boy Jacinto, with whom he was gayly chatting. Somewhat paler and thinner than he had seen him last was Jacinto, but as handsome as ever, and looking wonderfully interesting, with his arm in a sling. On the hearth-rug beside him sat Jacquetta, laughing as merrily as though aware of no wrong to her words without meaning. Frank was leaning over the back of the couch, enjoying the fun, and Lady Augusta—the very image of a marble Niobe—sat near, with her pale face bent on her hand.

Disbrowe at once advanced to where the boy lay, and hurriedly began some words of thanks for what he termed his "brave conduct" and "generous heroism" in risking his life for a stranger, until the boy's full face flushed with embarrassment, and he shrunk away, as if in avoidance of the subject. Jacquetta saw his natural confusion, and came to his relief.

"There, there, Cousin Alfred, that will do; he'll imagine the rest, and it will spare your eloquence and his blushes. Here comes Tribula with the tea-urn; so come, Master Jacinto, and sit here beside me; and, if you are as hungry as I am, you will do justice to those delicious rice waffles and oyster patties I see there."

Disbrowe bowed coldly, and took his place. All the evening Jacquetta was the highest possible spirits, and the best possible looks. There was a streaming brilliancy in her eyes, a feverish flush on her cheeks, and her round, white, polished forehead looked pure and marble-like by the contrast. Her short, red curls flashed and shone like rings of flame, and there was a buoyant lightness in her step, a clear, joyous ring in her voice, that angered one there present, until, for the moment, he felt as if he hated her for it. Never had her hands flown so easily or so brilliantly over the polished keys of the piano, entrancing one and all; and never had her voice rung out so clear and sweet as it did that night.

Song after song flowed from her lips, as though she was inspired. And, willful, wayward, unaccountable girl that she was, she sang, without being asked, all the old English songs she knew Disbrowe liked, and she had never heard them sung before.

There was a depth of pathos and passionate tenderness in her voice, as she sang, "Come back to me, Douglas, tender and true," that made the song a very wail of despair—a cry of anguish from a broken heart, so full of hopeless love, strong as death, and Disbrowe sat with his face averted, still, dark, voiceless and motionless. A sob broke the deep silence before she ceased, from the Spanish boy, Jacinto.

"What! has that old Scotch song brought tears to your eyes?" said Jacquetta, with a laugh. "What a thing it is to have a tender heart. No doubt the Scotch lassie loved her darling Douglas a week after, and took up with the first Sandie that came along!"

"What an opinion you have of your sex, Filbertigibbet," said Mr. De Vere. "Wait until you get a 'Douglas' of your own, and see if you will not be as silly and love-sick as any Scotch lassie that ever tripped the heather!"

"How do you know I have not got one now, papa?" said Jacquetta, with a cool laugh. "There never yet was a girl who reached the age of twenty without losing her heart a score of times."

"Well, whoever got yours, Jack, I wish him joy of it," said Frank, with a shrug.

"So you may! He'll need all your good wishes, poor fellow! It's a sort of a bottle-imp, dangerous alike to buyer and owner. Why, what on earth is that?"

The sound of an altercation in the hall reached their ears, and then a shrill, childish, imperious voice was heard.

"I will go in—I tell you! I'll go in, in spite of you. Let go—will you?"

Jacquetta flung open the door; and, to the amazement of all, the little elf, Orrie Howlet, ran in—her black hair streaming about her—her black eyes bright with an angry light. She gave a quick glance round the room, until she beheld Disbrowe; and then, with a cry of delight, she darted over and sprang into his arms.

"I knew you were here; but that horrid old woman didn't want to let me in. Don't you let her get me."

"If you please, in," said Tribulation, a hard-visaged, stern-looking, elderly woman, "she would come in, you know."

"There! never mind. It's all right, Tribulation," said Jacquetta, closing the door.

"Who, in the name of all the kelpies, is this?" exclaimed Mr. De Vere, while Augusta and Jacinto looked the wonder they did not speak.

The child, who had clasped Disbrowe

round the neck, glanced over her shoulder, and composedly said:

"Oh, Orrie Howlet! you know! Old Grizzle's little girl! You needn't be scared."

Jacquetta and Disbrowe laughed, partly at the little one's imperturbable gravity, and partly at Mr. De Vere's consternation.

"What in the world brought you here to-night, Orrie?" said Disbrowe, who was half-amused and half-affected by the little one's strange love for himself.

"Why, to see you! I said I would come, you know! You won't send me away—will you?" she said, looking up earnestly in his handsome, smiling face.

"Not if Mr. De Vere will let you stay. And so you came all the way from the inn to see me—did you, Orrie?"

"Oh, yes," said Orrie, clinging closer to him.

"Does Old Grizzle know?"

"No, I guess she don't," said Orrie, with one of her short, shrill laughs. "Oh! won't she be mad when she finds out?"

"Will she beat you?"

"Be sure she will!" said Orrie, complacently. "Oh! won't she, though! But I don't care. I have seen you, you know, and she can't beat that away!"

"My dear child," said Disbrowe, touched by her look and tone, "if I had known you cared so much for seeing me, I should have ridden over to the inn. I would not have you get punished for me."

"Would you be sorry?" said the little one, opening her eyes.

"Yes, very."

"And you like me, too?"

"Very much, my dear little girl. It is something to be loved in this world as you love me."

There was such sorrowful bitterness in his tone, that Orrie's black eyes opened wider than ever. A small, white hand fell softly on his, and with it fell a bright drop.

"Why, I declare," said Orrie, in the utmost surprise, "if Miss Jack ain't a-cryin'!"

Jacquetta stooped down, and impulsively touched her lips to those that had so lately kissed Disbrowe, with the involuntary cry:

"Oh, Orrie! love me, too! Dear little Orrie, love me, too!"

Orrie gave her one of her impulsive hugs and kisses, scanning her curiously meanwhile, and then she asked:

"But you were cryin', weren't you? What made you cry?"

"Me! Nonsense, Orrie! I wasn't cryin'!" said Jacquetta, with a gay laugh.

"Oh, I thought you were," said Orrie, apparently relieved. "I hate to see people cry. Oh! there's Frank!—I must go and see him," said the elf, springing from Disbrowe's arms, and running over to Frank.

Looking down at the same moment, Jacquetta caught the dark, bright, handsome eyes of Disbrowe fixed full upon her, and colored to the temples. With an impatient gesture, she turned away, and seated herself on a low ottoman, at Jacinto's feet.

Orrie had sprung into Frank's arms, and was clinging to him in her cat-like fashion, while Frank's countenance maintained an expression of haughty dignity.

"No; you needn't kiss me, Miss Howlet. And you had better get down off my knee, and go back to that big monster over there. If you like him so much better than me, you ought to stay with him."

"Why, you ain't mad—are you?" said Orrie, giving him a shake.

"Yes; I am mad, Miss Howlet! and a good deal jealous, too. Before he came bothering along, and cutting me out, I used to come in for all your kissing and loving; and now I have to play second fiddle, and hardly get noticed at that. It's a shame, Miss Howlet; it's a confounded shame; yes, an abominable shame, Miss Howlet; and I wonder how you can look me in the face, and never expected such treatment from you—and I never could have believed it, so I couldn't!"

And Frank wiped away an imaginary tear, with his uncle's handkerchief, of which he had just picked his pocket.

"Well, there!—don't cry!" said Orrie, giving him a peevish squeeze. "I didn't do it—I mean I didn't go for to do it; and I do like you ever so much; but, then, you know he's real nice, and I have to like him, too. Don't you like him?"

"No, I don't! I hate him—an unfeeling, blood-thirsty monster," said Frank, with a ferocious howl. "I'll shoot him. I'll assassinate him. I'll blow his brains out with the first loaded crowbar I can find—so I will!"

"So it was," said Frank. "Come to think of it, she did look like Jack that time, in one of her tantrums!"

"I have observed it, too!" said Disbrowe. "It is one of those accidental likenesses we sometimes see in strangers, and that puzzles us so. I have known similar cases several times."

"It appears Miss Orrie is not the only one I look like, according to you, Captain Disbrowe!" laughed Jacquetta, "since I am a miniature edition of Captain Nick Tempest, too. Now I can understand how I look like him; but I confess I am at a loss to trace a resemblance between myself and this dark little fairy here."

"Is she going to stay here all night?" said Mr. De Vere.

"Yes; I suppose so. Come here, Orrie; will you sleep with me to-night?" said Jacquetta.

Orrie nodded assent, and yawned.

"That's one go-to-bed," said Frank. "She'll be asleep, presently, if you don't take her off. I rather think I will turn in myself, too," he added, getting up.

As it was already late, this was a signal for all to disperse; and Orrie having given Disbrowe a parting embrace, and informed him he was to see her home the next day, was led off by Jacquetta to her own room.

Disbrowe reached his pleasant chamber; drew up a chair before the fire; lit his cigar, and with his soul slippers, prepared to take life easy. Lost in thought, hours passed unheeded, until he was suddenly brought to his feet with a bound, by a sound familiar enough now. It was the strange, far-off, eerie music, rising and falling faintly and sweetly on the midnight air.

Instantly a determination to get at the bottom of this mystery entered the head of Captain Disbrowe. Curiosity was strong within him; but that was not the chief impulse that sent him off. It was Jacquetta's connection with the singular affair. Any thing concerning her concerned him now; and determined to discover what hidden skeleton, what Bluebeard's chamber Fontelle Hall contained, he was down-stairs, through the hall, and standing alone in the clear moonlight almost in an instant.

That there was some other entrance to this north wing he was convinced; and find it he was determined, if he had to search until morning. The night was almost as clear as day; the moon rose clear and full in the heavens, and cast fantastic shadows around the stately pile. He glanced up, and saw the whole house enveloped in darkness, save a light that streamed redly from one window—from Augusta's window he knew. She, then, was up yet. What was she doing? Could it really be sleepless remorse for some "unacted crime" that preyed on her mind, wearing her to a skeleton, and making her the living petrification she was? She herself had acknowledged that it was; but that very acknowledgment, if nothing else, would have made Disbrowe doubt it.

There were several massive doors in this north wing, and little difficulty in discovering them; but the thing was to open them. Stiff with rain and storm, and long neglect, they were almost as solid as the wall itself, and he soon gave up all hope of effecting an entrance by means of them. He fancied that down amid the ivy there might be some aperture in the ruined walls, large enough to permit his entrance. And in this hope he was not disappointed. Hidden among the clustering vines was what had once been an outer entrance into a sort of cellar, the door of which was now completely broken off. Wrenching away the ivy, Disbrowe passed in, and discovered a flight of stone steps at one end, leading evidently to the upper room. He ascended, and found himself in a large, echoing, desolate-looking apartment, with oak wainscoting, and niches in the wall that held one held statues, but were hung with cobwebs now. Through the high, narrow, diamond-framed windows, with their leaden casings, the pale moonlight shone brightly, casting a sort of ghastly glare around the dark, desolate room. And still the music rose and fell, and swelled and died away in fitful gusts, seemingly near at hand. Following the sound, he was about to pass through the room into the next, when an unexpected sound struck his ear, and caused him to fall back with a guilty start, as if he had been caught in some unworthy act.

It was a sound of voices in the room he was about to enter—familiar voices, too, speaking in suppressed but passionate tones. Both voices were recognized in an instant as those of Jacquetta and old Grizzle Howlet.

It was rather a startling interruption to his nocturnal search. Hitherto he had scarcely thought of it; but now it struck him as a base return on his uncle's hospitality, this attempting to pry into the secrets of his household. He turned hastily to descend the stairs and escape; but before he could reach them, the sound of their rapidly-advancing footsteps made him turn round and seek some nearer place of concealment. The door of a small closet stood ajar, and darting in here, he softly closed it, just as Jacquetta and old Grizzle entered the room.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 87.)

THE UNFULFILLED VOW.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK CRESCENT," "HOODWINKED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.
THE TEMPTER.

"And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pang that longest rack and latest kill."
—BYRON.

WITH the raising of the stakes, Reginald Darnley's luck changed with singular suddenness. Instead of winning, as at first, he began to lose.

Three successive games went against him. The old man seemed to win them with marvellous ease.

If Reginald could stack the cards, so, also, could his opponent; if he could cheat a little—the old man was foremost in that; and those who were looking on, bound in honor to silence, smiled as they saw each player warily hold a good card on the knee beneath the table.

Young Darnley brought to bear his most telling plays, favorite tricks—all of which were promptly met and defeated by his antagonist.

He of the green spectacles played on, with a calm, unruffled exterior. Reginald grew more and more excited.

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"Enough! I am drained!" as the old man drew in the last stake.

"I am sorry, indeed. You have a watch, I perceive." The last suggestively.

The watch was staked—and lost.

"You wear diamonds, sir," with oily persuasiveness.

The diamonds were staked—and lost; rings and studs.

"I bid you good-day, sir," and the fortunate stranger, after paying table fee, departed, leaving Reginald penniless.

A low murmur came from the crowd who gazed after the lucky winner.

For some time the young man sat in speechless despair; then, arising hurriedly, he made his way through the group that discussed his misfortune, and passed out.

Near the entrance, as he left the steps, some one tapped him on the shoulder. It was his late opponent.

"Well!" he exclaimed, bitterly; "what can you seek now? You have ruined me! Do you wish to mock me—a beggar?"

"My friend," said the mild voice, "you are wrong. No—I would not mock you. My intentions are far different. You say you are ruined?"

"Ruined!" groaned Reginald.

"Then, I would befriend you," said the other.

"Befriend me?"

"Yes. See—as I was leaving the table, I picked this up."

Reginald snatched the paper which the other extended. It was the note in which Mervin Darnley had disowned his son.

Another moment, and it flew in bits, out to the gutter.

"How came you by it?" he asked, red-den.

"In using your handkerchief, it fell from your pocket. I have read it. It is a serious thing. You need a friend. I am the one who will befriend you."

The red dye of Reginald's cheek grew deeper. Who, till now, would have dared say he needed a friend to sustain him before the world? It was a stinging utterance, and his first impulse was to resent it.

But the hot blood that mantled his brow receded as he realized how much truth there was in the words. He looked searchingly into the speaker's face, and said, with evident emotion:

"Look! You have made me a penniless wretch! Now, you proffer friendship. Think well of your words, for I am in no mood to trifle. I am desperate. Do not play with a desperate man. Do you mean what you say?"

"Come with me, and you shall see. No, I am not trifling. Penniless!—yes, it is enough to make any one desperate. I regret that I beggared you at the game; but, come along, come along, and let us see whether I am sincere or not."

His voice was of pious depth and sympathizing tone. As Reginald looked arms with him, and the two moved away, he added, inquiringly:

"Your name is Reginald Darnley?"

"Did not the note you picked up tell you that?"

"Yours?"

"Mine is Henricq—Gerard Henricq."

"And your business?"

"Gaming. Yes, I have made it a study, a profession. I live wholly by it. Few can play better than I; and very many old hands at the business have I beaten as cleverly as I did you. But, you play a close, shrewd game, young man—very; I grant you that."

"Mervin Darnley is wealthy," continued Henricq, presently.

"Ay," said Reginald, with a bitter accent; "he is wealthy; and I, his only son, am reduced to absolute poverty!"

"Ah! young man, you must profess, if you do not actually possess, a wider knowledge of the world than to give way under such an occurrence as this."

"Your meaning, sir?"

"Oh, tricks, schemes, battles, and the like."

"I do not understand."

"Schemes to recover that which you have lost," with low emphasis, while the eyes glistened behind the spectacles. Then he added, before Reginald could speak:

"Let us get off the thoroughfare, and in a place where we can talk privately."

Entering a restaurant, they ascended to the second story, secured a room, and ordered refreshments.

Gerard Henricq's bland, polite carriage, and professions of friendship, had already won the confidence of his younger companion, and it was not long before Reginald poured into his ear minute details of his situation.

When mention was made of the summary dismissal of the valet, Henricq's sallow face colored slightly, his eyes filled with fire, and a peculiar smile wreathed his lips.

"But this was only for a moment," said he, now, more than ever, interested in your welfare. "Besides, your story makes me regret the deeper, that I should have played against you at cards."

"Say nothing of that!" interrupted Reginald. "What you have won is fairly yours."

"But," pursued the old man, "you will oblige me by accepting your watch and studs. A gentleman looks awkward with his shirt bosom loose," handing over the articles.

Reginald did not refuse them.

"I said I would befriend you," spoke Henricq, slowly, after having seemed to weigh something in his mind; "and, as you are pinched, I will begin at once. You have no money?"

"Not a dollar," was the dejected reply.

"Here are fifty. I'm going to be your banker."

"Can you mean it?" bewilderedly.

"There is the money. Do you want more proof?"

Reginald received the amount, with a grateful heart, and thanked his new-found friend for the generous gift.

"I will supply you with money whenever you are in need," added that winning, subtle voice.

"I am under obligations that I fear I shall never be able to cancel," cried Reginald, now looking upon his benefactor almost as a messenger from heaven.

"I shall expect you to return all I lend you."

This speech was stunning. Reginald looked at him blankly. How was it possible to pay any thing back, without resource?

"That I can not promise, Gerard Henricq. You had best withhold your proposed bounty."

"Stop—you can safely promise, if I read you aright," were the strange words, intended to relieve the young man's embarrassment.

A whispering silence followed. The two men looked steadfastly at each other.

What could Gerard Henricq mean? What significance was there in those mild

sentences—those confident assertions? His manner was, imperceptibly, growing more oily, more engaging; his words were singularly forcible in their calm utterance.

"Gerard Henricq, explain yourself. How am I to repay you?"

The old man turned his gaze to the carpet, and hesitated. Presently he said, while he smoothed his beard thoughtfully:

"Mr. Darnley, your situation, as you have remarked, is a desperate one."

"Ay, desperate!" was the prompt rejoinder.

"You realize it?"

"Fully."

"And yet you do not consider how easy a matter it would be to place yourself above want, to obtain a position even more independent than heretofore?"

Another pause. Reginald was silent.

The old man arose, and going to the door, looked it after, which, he returned to his seat, and said, in a voice still lower:

"Speak guardedly, now; I'm going to tell you something."

"Hurry, then," Reginald's curiosity was burning him.

"As I said, you are desperate—"

"Enough for any thing!"

"Ha! Now I have my reins. Then, why allow yourself to be barred from the luxury of a fortune, when a little—so little—determined action will adjust things to your benefit?"

"You speak in riddles."

"Has not your father already had made out a will, in which the bulk of his wealth is bequeathed to you?"

"He has; how do you know it?"

"I did not know it; I merely judged the likelihood—you being the only child—"

"And how do you know I am the only child?"

For a brief space, Henricq seemed embarrassed.

"You told me so, just now."

"Perhaps I did," admitted Reginald, musingly, though he had no recollections of having done so.

"Would you suppose, now," the old man continued, "that your father had destroyed the will and made out a new one?"

"Having disowned me, it is reasonable to suppose the will has been destroyed, in which I was to be benefited."

"And has there been time to make out another?"

"I think it hardly possible," answered Reginald, blantly.

It would seem as if Henricq was gradually exercising a sort of mesmerism upon his younger companion.

"Then—the low voice sunk lower—why permit a new one to be made out at all?"

"Ha! what?"

"Stay!" lower still, until he spoke in a whisper; "is it not possible that Mervin Darnley might die before another instrument could be made out?"

"Gerard Henricq—you mean—"

"Stop, stop," he interrupted, as he perceived that Reginald was staring and excited; for the hint was understood. "Stop, now; this is a weighty subject, and you must retain your wits."

"But, you have hinted—that my father—must—" he was articulating, breathlessly.

"He is not your father, Mr. Darnley," smoothly, oily, and two rows of white teeth—unusually sound for a man of his age—glistened behind the parted lips.

"Not my father?" Reginald's breath came short and quick.

"Has he not disowned you? If you are not his son, then, certainly, he is not your father? He is but a barrier between you and your means of support."

Reginald's eyes were dancing in excitement; a red haze hovered in his vision. His cheeks were scarlet in a feverish glow; the blood in his veins was boiling; a subtle coil was gathering round his heart—the serpent had struck!

"You would have me kill him?" he cried, huskily.

"Otherwise, poverty escorts you to the grave."

"You forget I have a good arm to toil with."

"Ah! you command a trade?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You evade the question. Have you learned a trade?"

"No—but—"

"So I thought. Do what I suggest, before another will is made out, and, even if you are correct in your suspicion that the first will is destroyed, a goodly sum will yet be yours."

"Murder! Horrible! I can't—I can't!"

"Think of it. You will see the necessity," urged the serpent. "Besides, you may repent afterward, if you choose—and, you know, sin with repentance is better than prayers with pride. Think of it—think."

Reginald sprang from his seat and strode back and forth across the room, pressing his hands to his heated, throbbing temples, while he revolved the terrible suggestion in his brain.

Gerard Henricq quietly eased back in his chair, drew forth a penknife, and leisurely began paring his nails.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECOND BLOW.

"***** Into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"

—Milton.

"Shades of departed joys around me rise,
With many a face that smiles on me no more!"

—Rogers.

SUDDENLY, Reginald Darnley paused before the wily tempter.

"Gerard Henricq, how is this to be done?" His voice was broken, as if by a choking at the throat; his face glowed with an unnatural heat.

"Very easily, Mr. Darnley, very easily; if you will only obey my instructions," the last with affected humbleness.

"I will do it!"

"You have determined wisely." The gray head nodded approvingly; then he continued: "Now, be firm in your determination."

"As a rock!" hoarsely. "He has cast me off, but for you I would now be hungering for a meal. It is his life or mine—and it shall be his!"

"Very wise—very," smiling in a patronizing way. "I foresaw that you would conclude properly, and your firmness of purpose makes me more your friend than ever."

Satan triumphed through Gerard Henricq. The first work of this seeming friend was to urge a desperate man to heinous crime.

Reginald sunk again into his seat. Henricq drew his chair nearer.

"The next thing, Mr. Darnley, is to arrange our plan of operation."

"You may do that," absently, his thoughts wandering.

The young man was gazing along the uncertain corridor of great "To Be." He looked upon the different paths before him—one of poverty, the other blazoning in wealth: the latter attainable through a fiendish deed. As he meditated, he did not ask himself why this serpent friend should take so great an interest in him, or why he should propose an act so horrible. Had he done so—

"O—h, n—o!" protested the old villain, hypocritically; "you are granting too much. You may think I am interested beyond your welfare."

"No. Do as you please," in a steely, indifferent whisper.

"Very well, very well; if you will leave it to me, I'll attend to it—arrange for you, that is. But, you will see that the thing must be done quickly; there is no time to waste."

"Yes; it must be done quickly," still in that abstracted mood.

"Come here this evening, Mr. Darnley, and I'll communicate a feasible plan."

"This evening," assented Reginald.

"Let it be eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock."

"Then, I'll bid you good-day. Remember—eight o'clock."

With a low bow, another exhibition of the white teeth, as a smile of hidden meaning curved his lips, and stepping noiselessly as a cat, Gerard Henricq withdrew. As he descended the stairs, he rubbed his hands together and muttered, hissingly:

"How much better is my plan!—how much better! He will destroy himself! Matters are working finely. Disowned—penniless—desperate. It is well! Ha! ha! ha!" a low, devilish chuckle issued from his lips. Canceling his check at the bar, he passed out to the street and hurried away.

Reginald Darnley sat long alone, thinking of the shades that were gathering like fated clusters around his life. He went over again, in mind, the scenes of the last twenty-four hours, the brief space in which he was cast from the waves of peace and luxury to the barren sands of anguish and poverty. He meditated upon the act he was about to perpetrate, and, in oblivious revery, the involuntary tremor of a guilty conscience twitched the muscles of his handsome face—the slightest start startled him.

"Murderer!"

How that fearful word kept ringing in his ears, even before he stained his soul with the crime!

Full an hour passed. A footfall in the entry roused him, and, starting up, he hastily left the room, left the scene of plot with the man who was weaving his destruction.

The fresh air of the street calmed him somewhat, but a queer, morbid feeling weighed upon his heart, which caused him many an anxious start as some passer-by looked him in the face.

A man walking slowly along on the opposite side of the street attracted his attention. It was Mervin Darnley.

Their gaze met; but, in an instant, the manufacturer looked in another direction, and Reginald, following him with his eyes, muttered:

"Curse him!—ay, curse him! for he is no longer my father, but the would-be destroyer of my future. He avoids notice of me, as if I were a mere dog! Gerard Henricq, you have served me well!" and with quick steps, he resumed his way.

Ah! how totally was the past erased. He would not recall those days in which a doting parent had supplied his every want and looked hopefully forward to a manhood that should perpetuate an honored name.

The flame of hatred and malice so adroitly kindled by the old man, was, by this meeting, fanned to a consuming blaze.

Reginald sought his rooms. There he fell again upon that meditation of his situation, and to his thoughts came a vision of Orle Deice. Long he revolved the matter of the letter in his burning brain; long he tried to believe that the beautiful girl could not have sent a messenger to his house, on such a mission, when forethought would have shown the result.

But, at last, he could not resist the creeping conviction—with all its mystery, it did seem probable, and, finally, he concluded it must be so. And then, in his belief, he cursed her for the deed.

A distant church-bell echoed the notes of its clarion tongue upon the drowsy air, and broke the spell which had held him silent, thoughtful, for hours, in his chair.

He descended to the street. How strange every thing appeared—how very lonesome! Sensations which before seemed to fasten upon him from the surrounding atmosphere.

"Seven o'clock," he mused, consulting his watch. "I have an hour yet. Ah!" a thought struck him—"I'll devote that hour to a good purpose."

He hailed a cab, and directed the man to the residence of Lacy Bernard.

Twilight's dusk had veiled the thoroughfares when he reached that gentleman's house.

The servant who opened the door to him betrayed an agitation that was mysterious. A sound of commotion reached him from within.

What was the matter? This question he asked himself, and then asked the girl.

"Cecilia!" was the one word stammered forth in reply.

"What is it? What of her?" he cried.

But she made no answer, and began to weep.

An indescribable dread shot through him; he pushed her aside and hurried into the parlor, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Bernard—the latter in tears.

This scene increased the agony of suspense within him. Had any thing happened to Cecilia? If there was one honorable link in the sullied chain of Reginald Darnley's character, that exception was his love for the daughter of Lacy Bernard; and the forbidding tableau which met his gaze, the utterance of his loved one's name—these combined to fill him with acutest fears.

"Mr. Bernard—has any thing happened—to Cecilia?" His voice faltered as he put the question.

Bernard had arisen upon his entrance, and stood looking at him.

There was a strangeness in the old gentleman's gaze, which tended to augment Reginald's uneasiness.

"Yes, sir, something has befallen her." The answer was cold, distant.

The questioner paled.

"What—what has—?"

"No matter, sir."

What meant the brief, icy tones in which

Lacy Bernard addressed him? He trembled. A strange awe seized him.

"Mr. Bernard—"

"I say it is no matter, sir. Be kind enough to leave me, Reginald Darnley."

"But, sir, what means all this? Where is Cecilia? Why do you treat me with such coldness? Mr. Bernard—and his speech warmed—considering what Cecilia is to me, you mock me. I would see her."

"My daughter is nothing to you."

"Nothing to me!" he cried. "She is every thing—life, hope, idol—"

"I say she is not," fairly thundered Lacy Bernard, taking a step forward. "My child is nothing to a gambler and libertine like yourself! Do you understand me, sir? Your engagement with her is broken—I here break it. More: I desire that your visits to my house cease."

The young man staggered back. A cloud swept over his vision. His brain reeled.

"Mr. Bernard—stop! Heavens! you are—"

"No more, sir! You have heard. Mervin Darnley visited me this afternoon, and, thank Heaven! that visit has prevented the sacrifice of Cecilia to a man whom I can but despise! One who must be disowned by a father generous as yours, sir, is no fit mate for my child, no fit guest at my house. Now, let me hope you will begone!"

Crash! crash! like thunderbolts struck those words upon the breathless listener. Cecilia lost to him! All standing gone! The grave were welcome at such a moment!

Half groping his way, Reginald fled from the house.

The cab awaited him at the door, and, like one whose actions were governed by a mechanical influence, he threw himself in upon the cushions.

A loud whirr—crack, and the vehicle sped away.

"Dong!—dong!—dong!" the three-quarter stroke of a near clock. Quarter to eight. The outcast, as he sat gazing down at the carpeted floor of the cab, seemed dead to all around.

The driver, in obedience to the brief directions he had received, drew up before the restaurant where Reginald was to meet with Gerard Henricq.

The young man drank deeply of wine which he ordered, as he sat at a side-table, endeavoring to calm his turbulent senses.

Discovered! An outcast! The woman he loved torn from him! She for whom he felt he had embittered the life of Orle Deice—as he thought of Orle, he frowned, and a dire anathema came whispering from his lips. She had poured this gall upon his existence, by writing the tell-tale letter!

"O-h! Orle Deice, may all the plagues of the earth seize you for this! May your nights be sleepless as mine will be! May every breath of life be a poison to you, and every dream a torture to rack your mind!"

His nervousness was intense. The clammy paleness of his face was now succeeded by a feverish glow; the liquor burnt his lips. He glanced restlessly at the clock. One minute to eight.

"Will he never come?" he muttered, impatiently.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL FRIEND.

"Despair—before whose blast the voice of song,
And mirth, and hope, and happiness, all fly,
Nor ever dare return."

KIRKE WHITE.

CECILIA BERNARD gazed upon the lovely girl before her, as she would look at a picture inspiring awe—silent and wondering. Then, as she marked the flash of the beauty's eyes, the excited heaving of her bosom, an inexplicable thrill pervaded her motionless form.

The few seconds' silence which reigned was broken by a dread, whispering—strange, invisible things murmured a warning of danger in her ears.

Involuntarily, she turned her head to look at Nemil. He stood with his back placed firmly against the door; a vengeful gleam was in his leering eyes; a fierce expression rested on his coarse lineaments. Again she looked at Orle, and strove to speak; but some palsying power sealed the lips in trembling silence.

"So, Cecilia Bernard, you are my rival?" Orle's voice was not now of a low sweetness, but, in the excitement of triumph, it was sharp, even piercing.

"What do you mean?" panted Cecilia, finding breath at last. "Where is Reginald?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Reginald!"—with mocking sarcasm "You ask me where he is? Hated rival!—he is anywhere but here." The red blood suffused her cheeks; even her pure forehead was crimsoned.

Cecilia's face was pale as death, an acute terror fastened on her every nerve.

"Woman!" she cried, "what means this? Why am I brought here? Who are you?"

"Did you not expect to see the man you love?" quick and short.

"Yes, yes; but he is not here!"

"No. Instead, you see one who loves him twice, thrice as much as you!—one who would move the very earth to keep him from the curse of another! I am Orle Deice, Reginald Darnley's mine!" There was a frenzy of resentment, a fiery emphasis in her words, and Cecilia recoiled before the gaze of those black, flashing orbs, as they riveted upon her.

"I am deceived, then? Reginald is—"

"Deceived?—yes. Reginald Darnley is not here."

"And what is your motive?"

"Can you not see? Are you blind, girl?"

"I can not see. Your words are ill and strange."

"My object is to keep you from him. He is mine! No woman on earth shall have him but me; and I have sworn—wo! wo! to any one who shall strive to win him from me!"

Orle was becoming more excited with each moment; her lustrous eyes glittered like twin stars through the scowl of a Northern sky; her neck, and the peeping marble of her bosom, were also dyed by the warm mounting of the blood.

In hate, in triumph, in the fever of an uncontrollable passion, she gazed upon the shrinking form of her captive.

Mustering a feeble strength, Cecilia turned hurriedly to the door, but the great fingers of the African closed upon her arm and forced her back.

Tottering dizzily, an abject terror whitening her features, she gasped: "What—what do you intend to do with me? My God! what horrible snare have I fallen into? Woman—if you are a woman—will you murder me?"

"Murder you?" cried Orle, and she seemed struggling with some words which were already at her lips' verge: "No—I have other use for you. Your life is of more value to me than would be the satisfaction of your death. But I could kill you—I could, Cecilia Bernard: for I hate you!"

"Hate—pity!" breathlessly.

"Pity? Pity for one who would take my idol from me?"

A sense of utter despair crushed the helpless girl; things seemed swimming in her vision. What fearful doom was in store? What dreadful torture at the hands of her rival awaited her?" she asked herself.

"Pity," she moaned, her tender nature sinking under horrible fears, for she realized how completely she was at their mercy.

Suddenly, Orle Deice, as if by a mighty effort, dispelled her excitement. "Bring her, Nemil," she said, calmly, "and follow me. Quick!—she is falling!"

Cecilia staggered forward and would have fallen but that Nemil quickly caught her in his muscular arms and lifted her up, as if she were but a mere child.

At his touch a spirit of loathing roused her, and she struggled wildly. As well a trial to break a band of iron, as to throw off the grip which held her. Then, one long, loud shriek issued from her lips as she borne up the staircase, Orle preceding them.

As they ascended the stairs, a door on one side of the broad hall, was opened, and Meg Semper came upon the scene.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 90.)

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Well, all's over, you've said so;
I guess I can stand it without you;
What a fool to have bothered my head so,
Or thought for a moment about you!
Broken-hearted I never will be, miss,
Nor go with my heart in a sling;
Fahaw, I can smile, as you see, miss,
And—well for a cent I would sing!

Don't fancy, dear miss, you provoke me,
It's too trifling a thing to get mad at;
Don't think for a minute it shook me,
It's a thing which I ought to be glad at.
When I told you I loved you, I stored;
I thank you, indeed, for your slight, miss,
Though disguised don't think I'm worried;
Where's my hat and my mittens? Good-night, miss.

GOING HOME.

What! Is this actual, real?
Must I nevermore call her my own?
After this must some other man steal
Those kisses I lived on alone!

I blushed; oh, heart, that is breaking;
I belied all my sorrow and pain!
Oh, heart, that is stricken and aching,
Must I never fly to her again?

Oh, isn't this all a delusion?
Sure, my thoughts they were always about her
And my mind it is all in confusion,
How can I live on without her?

Nevermore shall I knock at her door—
Nevermore of my love shall I tell her!
Mr. Druggist, a pound of good starch
I've some troublesome rats in my cellar!

The Old Sea Dog's Ward.

BY C. D. CLARK.

Long lines of shivering sand, gray rocks
rearing their heads to the summer sky, be-
yond the blue expanse of old ocean heaving
under the gentler breeze which came in
from the westward. The white sails of
shipping, the smoke of passing steamers,
and the fishing boats closer in, served to
enliven the picture. Nestled down amid
the rocks, not far from the beach, was a
rude fisherman's cabin, built from frag-
ments of wrecks which had floated in at
various times, and had been saved from the
angry sea. An old man, short and stout,
with a bald head, and a face which had
braved the sun and wind of many seasons
on the sea, was seated upon a locker, work-
ing with a sailor's needle upon some article
of wearing apparel, pushing the needle
through the stout canvass by means of a
sailor thimble, a thick leathern patch in the
palm of his right hand. There was some-
thing so jolly and good-natured in the face
of the rough old man that it was simply
irresistible. A lumbering, rolling step
was heard, accompanied by a lighter tread,
and the occupant of the cabin stopped his work
and listened.

"Nat Lee, ahoy!" he roared.
"Hullo!" responded a rough voice, and
the door was pushed open, and a grizzled
old sea-dog, with a face literally overgrown
with hair, came rolling in, yawning like a
boat in a cross sea. A rusty tarpaulin was
set upon his shockingly-neglected hair, and
he wore a heavy pea-coat over his sailor
rig. He was followed by a handsome lad,
with a face like a woman's and eyes of
wonderful brilliancy and beauty.

"Hullo there, Tom Frisbee," said Nat
Lee, gruffly. "How goes it, shipmate?"
"She rides easy, my boy," said Frisbee.
"Fred Farley, you come to anchor on that
cheer; Nat, you drop your keel on that
bunk and lay-to."

The youngster sat down in the place indi-
cated, and Lee paced the floor of the cabin
as if it were a quarter deck. Something
was evidently on his mind, and he was try-
ing to give it expression.

"Now, shipmate," he began, "I've come
to you for a bit of advice."
"Heave ahead, Nat," said Frisbee, plying
his needle; "you've come to the right port
for that, you know."

"Any port in a storm," growled Nat.
"See here; you and I have sailed too
many voyages together not to understand
one another. You see that boy, there?"

"I'm a-lookin' at him."
"You wouldn't think him an ungrateful
sort of young chap, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it, shipmate."
The boy gave him a grateful look, but
said not a word.

"Now, that chap was my old shipmate's
child, Tom Farley, captain of the Lively
Sally. I was his first mate, and the schooner
went down in a squall off Hatteras. Tom
had a child, and I reckoned it wasn't much
to carry a little critter like that, and I
brought it with me. I was picked up, and
in course the little chap with me. I hadn't
chick nor child of my own, and ever since
that day, at sea or ashore, Tom Farley's
child has been with me."

"I knowed that afore," growled Tom,
encouragingly. "Heave ahead with your
yarn, shipmate."

"That were seventeen years ago, and by
my reckoning Tom Farley's child must be
nineteen years old. Now, he ain't got no
education 'cept what he's picked up in the
ports we sailed to. He's a peart youngster,
and has larned a heap, but I want him to
larn more, and—"

"The long and short of the matter is,"
said the boy, in a musical voice, "he want
me to stay ashore for a year and go to
school. Now, to do that, I must leave him,
and I'm not going to do it."

"Well said, Ned, my boy," cried Tom;
"and that obstinate old boy wants you to
leave him."

"Overhaul that, Tom Frisbee. I don't
want him to leave me, but I ain't done him
justice. I love the boy, even he will say that,
and I want to give him a chance I never
had myself."

"But I don't want to leave you, Nat Lee.
I lost father and mother in the great storm
in which you saved me. Not one of my
name, as far as I know, is living on the
earth, and I look to you for all. Let me
stay with you, unless I have offended you."

The old sailor turned his back and his
face worked strangely, while Tom Frisbee,
holding his needle before his eyes, as if it
were an article of rare interest, watched
him furiously out of the corner of his eye,
with a vague grin upon his face.

"You come to me for advice, did ye, old
Nat," he said at last.

"Ah, ay, shipmate," said Tom Frisbee.
"Now, let's overhaul this. You don't
want the boy to leave you if he can get an
education otherwise?"

"Course not."
"And Ned says he won't leave you, any-
how?"

"That's who," he says.
"Then, see here; you lay in port three
months to—"

pick up a heap in that time. Then you
goes to sea and takes him with you, and he
takes his books along, and when you git to
port ag'in he comes to anchor in another
school, while you stay. That's the plan I've
logged down."

"And a good one it is, Tom," said young
Farley, springing up. "What do you say,
father Nat?"

"All right, I'm agreeable, so that you
git the larnin'. I don't want ye to leave me,
boy."

And they clasped hands, an unspeakable
tenderness showing itself in the grizzled old
face of Nat Lee, as he looked into the boy's
handsome face. He had been with him
through sun and shine and tempest for
seventeen years, and all the love of the sail-
or's heart was given to his protegee. They
went away, leaving Tom Frisbee sitting on
the locker, with that broad smile still linger-
ing on his face.

So Ned Farley went to school, outstrip-
ping all competitors, and when the schoo-
ner sailed for the China seas, he went in her
as first mate. They had a passenger, Mr.
James Lockwood, the junior partner of the
firm for which the Lady Lucy sailed, a
young man of good education, and a deli-
cious companion in a long sea-voyage.

Ned Farley took a great fancy to him, and,
indeed, he was a noble specimen of manly
beauty and grace. Old Nat saw their grow-
ing attachment, and whispered to his mate,
as they stood together at the heel of the
bowsprit, looking forward.

"Take care what you do, Ned; it ain't
safe."

"Father, think what I am and what he
is," replied Ned, with a sad look. "You
need not fear that I will betray myself."

James Lockwood, seeing that the boy
was always intent upon his studies when
he had leisure, gave him the benefit of a
finished education, and the long evenings
were spent, together by the light of the
cabin lamps, poring over the books in which
the boy took such delight. Much as Cap-
tain Lee wished to have the boy improve,
this companionship seemed to give him
great uneasiness, and he watched them
closely. Ned improved a pace, and when
they passed the coast of India, he had mas-
tered the rudiments of an English education,
and begun an advanced course.

One morning, as the Lady Lucy was
moving lazily through the water, under the
force of the gentle breeze from off the is-

the muskets. In my opinion we'll have a
scrimmage, when the wind comes up."

Fate seemed against them, for the breeze
died away, little by little, until the schoo-
ner lay at rest upon the tranquil water.
About three o'clock a cloud of war-canoes
of various sizes, but containing in all nearly
one hundred men, came out of the bay,
headed for the Lucy. "Run out the guns,
Tom Peaks!" roared the captain. "Oh,
for a wind now! It's coming, but not fast
enough for us."

The bronzed savages came on, yelling
like fiends, their weapons glittering in the
sun. Tom Peaks, the gunner, blazed away
at them until they were almost aboard, and
the rest of the crew, thirty in number,
plied their muskets gallantly. Three
canoes were sunk, and the close fire of the
Yankee tars played sad havoc among the
others, but did not turn them. Lockwood,
who had used a musket gallantly, threw it
down when the enemy were close aboard,
and caught up a cutlass. His example was
imitated by the men, and every savage who
laid a hand upon the bulwark was hewn
down and cast into the sea. Two canoes
fastened on the starboard quarter, and the
occupants forced back two or three sailors
who defended that point, and gained a foot-
ing on the deck. Lockwood saw them, and,
shouting to Captain Nat to follow, he
sprang to their aid, and was assailed in-
stantly by three of the savages. The first
he cut down and hurled a sweeping cut
from the second, but the third, a fearful-
looking savage, raised a huge club above
the young man's now defenseless head.

He knew the danger, but, engaged as he
was with the savage in front, he could not
ward off the blow.

At this moment there came a cry of hor-
ror, and Ned Farley sprang in and received
the blow intended for Lockwood upon the
head and wrist, and fell bleeding to the
deck. At the same moment, with a snarl
like a tiger, the captain clove the savage to
the teeth. Just then the breeze filled the
sails; Tom Peaks sprang to the wheel, and
the Lady Lucy glided through the water,
leaving the canoes behind.

Lockwood caught the insensible form of
Ned in his arms, and unbuttoned his collar
to give him air. A look of wild surprise
came into his face.

"A woman!" he cried.
"You have the secret," said Nat Lee,
fiercely. "See that you keep it!"

ment, and of the highest importance that I
should reach the post at a certain time.

The dispatches, consisting of two small,
thin packets of the lightest tissue paper,
closely written over, were secreted in my
buckskin hunting-shirt, by splitting the
skin at its thickest place, inserting the docu-
ments therein, and then pasting the edges
securely down.

This precaution was taken, not so much
as regarded the Indians, but in view of the
fact that the route, especially in the moun-
tains, was infested by enemies far more
dangerous than the red-skins. I mean the
"mountain robbers," of whom there were
several distinct bands operating throughout
that section—ugly customers to deal with,
even when you opposed them man to man.

Concentrate all that is desperate, savage,
and low in the human heart, and you have
a fair sample of these freebooting gentry,
through whose "domains" I was about to
pass.

Thoroughly prepared to meet and over-
come any ordinary difficulty, heavily arm-
ed, and mounted upon a horse of unusual
speed and bottom, I rode out, at early
morning, from the clump of timber sur-
rounding my ranch, and, turning due west,
struck out for the mountains, whose higher
peaks were faintly outlined upon the paler
blue of the sky beyond.

An hour by sun found me entering the
broken ground—foot hills of the range
proper—and I determined to camp for the
night at the first favorable spot, instead of
entering the defiles of the mountains for a
night ride.

Next morning early, I started upon what
I felt to be the most dangerous, as well as
difficult, portion of my journey; and, after
beginning the ascent, following an old trail
pretty clearly defined, I at once became
watchful, regarding every turn in the path
and every possible cover with suspicious
eyes, until the point had been passed.

I afterward learned that I might have
saved myself this trouble, for watchful eyes
had noted every step, every movement. I
had made since coming within range of a
powerful glass that had been leveled upon
me from a lofty observatory.

The road over which I was traveling, as
you may suppose, was none of the best; in-
deed, it was, in places, nearly impassable,
and hence my progress here was of the
slowest.

And, moreover, the further I penetrated

the time fully exposed to the aim of my as-
sailants.

But a moving figure is somewhat difficult
to hit with a single ball, and twice I heard
the reports of their rifles, both times with-
out other effect than knocking the splinters
of rock in my face.

Thirty paces from where I started, the
path turned abruptly to the right, and, in
passing around the projecting point, I found
that, at last, I was out of range.

The exclamation of satisfaction that
arose as I realized this fact, died on my lips
as I, on glancing forward, made a discovery
that far outweighed the momentary advan-
tage gained by reaching cover.

Scarce ten paces from where I stood there
lay, directly in the trail, a huge boulder,
completely blocking it, and of such a size
and shape as to preclude the hope of climb-
ing over.

The rock had but recently fallen, as was
evident from the appearance of the earth,
as well as the scant shrubbery, which, though
torn up by their roots, was still fresh and
green.

With the hope of finding some way of
surmounting the barrier, I went forward,
only to be utterly disappointed.

A mountain-goat could not have found
foothold sufficient to climb, and of course
no man could do so.

However, the examination was not entire-
ly bootless, for close under the near side of
the rock I discovered a cave, which, though
small, was large enough to conceal and
shelter me from the aim of those who had
chosen to make a target of my body.

Into this I hastily crept, and, securing a
position that commanded the opposite side
as well as trail, where it turned, I settled
down to await events.

At least two hours must have passed in
this manner before I heard any sound that
would indicate my enemies being on the
move.

Once I had caught sight of a head peeping
around a rock on the other side, a scout evi-
dently seeking to note my position, but be-
fore I could bring my rifle to bear it was
withdrawn from sight.

Another interval of silence, and then
came the sound of voices, I thought pro-
ceeding from beyond the bend in the trail,
and on my side.

Shifting my position, so as to be able to
fire in this direction, I cocked my rifle and
waited.

Nor had I to do so long.
First the outer rim of a con-ash cap
was cautiously projected from behind the
rock. Little by little it came into view, and,
finally, I beheld a glowing pair of eyes
eagerly scanning the "pocket" into which
I had been caught.

The opportunity was too good to be lost,
and, quick as thought, I had sighted and
fired.

I saw a dark figure pitch forward, only a
fleeing glimpse, and then it disappeared
over the ledge.

I had only time to catch up my revolver,
when the remainder of the band, five in
number, rushed one after the other round
the angle, and, with yells that reminded me
more of furious wild beasts than human
beings, they charged down upon me.

The foremost fell at my first shot, and
the second reeled against the rock, with a
ball in his shoulder.

The third one would undoubtedly have
caught it next, but just then I received a
most unexpected as well as astounding re-
inforcement that quickly turned the tide of
affairs.

First a hideous roar, followed by a suc-
cession of angry snarls, and then, actually
tumbling around the corner, appeared a huge
she-grizzly, evidently gaunt with hunger
and furious at having her beat intruded
upon.

For one moment, and that a brief one,
she paused to glare upon her enemies, and
then, with a howl that fairly shook the
rocks around, she precipitated herself into
their midst.

It was absolutely awful, and in recalling
the scene, even now I can but shudder at
the recollection.

The freebooters saw there was no escape,
no chance save in flight.

They were forced to forget me, and turn
every effort to save themselves from this
new and unlooked-for enemy, and I must
do them the justice to say that never men
fought so as did these.

But what could four men do against such
odds, and under such circumstances?

One was hurled over the precipice by a
single blow of the great bear's paw.

Another was caught and drawn into the
deadly embrace: a savage bite, in which
neck and shoulder were involved, a crushing
of bones, and the hapless wretch was drop-
ped, a limp, inert mass upon the trail.

During this episode the remaining two
were pouring into the bear a rapid fire from
their revolvers, but, excepting a new and
effect than to render her still more furious.

As the grizzly turned, after dropping the
crushed man, they together delivered their
last charge, and throwing the now useless
weapons aside, they simultaneously drew
their knives and rushed on the bear.

It was a short, though desperate struggle.
With the strength of sheer despair, the
two plied their knives, and with telling ef-
fect.

Suddenly the bear, as though disposed to
retreat, drew back a pace or two, but it was
only to gather strength for a new assault.

A quick rush, and again the three closed
in deadly conflict.

A sharp struggle round and round the
narrow ledge, and then, clinging together,
they went over into the empty void, still
locked in that deadly embrace.

I crawled out of my hiding-place, weak,
to use a common phrase, "as a cat," and
pretty well unnerved.

Of course my journey was at an end, at
least for that time.

I managed to reach my ranch the day fol-
lowing, and there rested a day or so, to out-
grow my recent "excitement."

WE have seen accounts of two meth-
ods employed by savages to obtain fire.
Simply rubbing together two pieces of wood
will not do it. One method is to take a small,
round stick, and let one coil of the string of a
bow pass around the middle of it. A pointed
end of the stick rests on wood, and
pressure is applied to the other end to hold
it firm, while the bow is moved rapidly for-
ward and backward, revolving the stick.
The other method we find reported from
Kosmos in the Bowdoin Scientific Review. A
hard stick, pointed like a pencil, is drawn
forward and backward on a piece of soft
wood. This makes a groove, which gradu-
ally collects a fine powder in the ends, and
this powder at last takes fire.



THE OLD SEA DOG'S WARD.

land, the captain was pacing the deck in
deep thought. Lockwood came on
deck and stood beside him.

"Where's Ned, Mr. Lockwood?" he
said.

"In the cabin, working like a beaver
over a problem in geometry. It beats me,
captain, to see what a perfect mania for
knowledge the boy has. Give him a year
more and I will not be able to teach him
any thing."

"He's a good boy, Mr. Lockwood," said
Lee, with a side-glance at his passenger.
"You know, I never allowed him to go
much among the foremast hands, and my
crew know I won't have any bad language
on my decks. I don't ship that sort of men,
and that's the reason I always have a good
crew. So the boy is pure of heart, and as
good a boy as ever lived."

"A noble boy," said Lockwood. "I love
him like a brother, and I would not have
him come to harm for any thing. For some
inexplicable reason, my heart is strangely
drawn toward him, and I wish you would
let me take him into my counting-house at
Shanghai."

"He wouldn't go, I'm afraid, Mr. Lock-
wood, and I don't know as I could bear to
have him leave me. The boy thinks a heap
of the old man, somehow."

"I honor him for it. He has told me
what he owes to you, and his devotion to
you is as boundless as the sea. We are go-
ing to lose the wind, I think."

"Yes, and I don't care about being be-
calmed in these seas. These rascally Malay
pirates would be out after us if that hap-
pened. At any rate, I am going to see after
my guns. Don't tell Ned that, if you
please."

Lockwood nodded, and went forward,
and looked out toward the land. The
breeze was fast dying away, and the Lady
Lucy forced her way slowly through the
water, and the perfumed air of the Spice
Isles to the windward was heavy and dull.
As the young man gazed, he saw a canoe
dart out of a sheltered bay, containing two
men, which rapidly approached the schoo-
ner, and, as they came nearer, he could see
two bloodthirsty-looking wretches who
seemed capable of any crime. Nat Lee
thundered an order to them to keep off,
which they disregarded, and continued to
advance, until a musket was pointed at
them, when they pointed the head of the
canoe toward the shore and disappeared as
they had come.

"We ain't seen the last of them," mutter-
ed Lee. "Tom Peaks, clear away the guns
and get out the ammunition. Have the arm-
chest unlocked, and bid Monte look after

"You can depend on me," replied Lock-
wood. "The brave girl has saved my
life."

"I wanted to have her with me," said
Nat, sadly. "How could I take care of the
child of Tom Farley, my old shipmate, any
other way? But, if I could have got her to
leave me, she shouldn't have come this
voyage. Hush."

The beautiful eyes opened, and a mean-
ing look passed between the two. "Not
much hurt, father Nat," said the disguised
one. "Take me below."

They reached Shanghai in safety, but
Lockwood missed his companion in study,
for the girl seldom came on deck, and
avoided him. At Shanghai the captain
gave her in charge of the lady of an Ameri-
can merchant, who dressed her as became
her sex, and Lockwood, coming to the
house on a visit, found a beautiful woman,
a little browned by exposure to the sun and
wind of the ocean, but with a certain na-
tive grace which he had never seen in a
woman before.

"Captain Lee's adopted daughter," said
Mrs. Mordaunt. "I think you have seen
her."

Nothing more was said, and the captain's
daughter bent her head and a blush stole
over her face. When the Lucy sailed, she,
too, went, but James Lockwood, carries her
picture, and it is rumored that, when he re-
turns to the United States next year, it is to
find a wife in the person of the captain's
ward.

And old Tom Frisbee claims the credit of
the whole affair!

Recollections of the West.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

In the spring of the year—it matters not
what year—I was compelled to take a long
and arduous journey—so considered even
on the plains—from my ranch, on the
Sweet Water branch of the Rio Platte,
across the southern spurs of the Wind
River Mountain, and so on, southward, to
Bridger.

Furthermore, the trip was to be made
alone, as my "partner," Ned Worland, or,
as he was better known, Limber Ned, was
off northward, looking after a cache that we
had made the previous season.

Nor is it necessary to state my business,
only so far as to say it was for the govern-

Saved by a Grizzly.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

But it had found a softer lodgment. The
miscreant had not aimed at me, but at the
horse, and the ball had sped only too truly.

I felt, as I leaned my arm upon his neck,
the poor beast suddenly shiver, at the same
time utter a pitiful whinny, and then, as
though nature had given way all at once,
he dropped heavily forward, struggled an
instant, and then rolled over into the abyss.

It was now a question of life or death in
earnest.

To remain standing there a moment longer
would be certain death, for again I
caught sight of that black tube slowly
emerging over the barrier that concealed
the marksman.

Without further hesitation, I sprang for-
ward on the trail, running as fast as the
nature of the ground would permit, but all